collated & perfect. J.K. 1798

The Converts;

OR THE

FOLLY

OF

PRIEST-CRAFT.

A Comedy.

Never Acted.

Langbaine speaks highly of this piece and

By J. S. M. T. Soc.

shs the Author deserves A place among the Coldest

ons of Apollo

Simulata Sanctitas Duplex Iniquitas.

Quos perdere Vult, Jupiter

First Edition.

SCENE,

St. JAMES's, or the SAVOY.

Scene Westminster.

LONDON,

Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane. MDCXC.

The PROLOGUE.

When first our Poet gave his Mind to write,
He freely owns he had no Muse, but spite
To see his Native Country-men oppress,
By clumsy Priests that seem'd to be in jest;
Even then when Nature strove to do her best.
Thence his just Indignation higher rose,
Venting himself in this Satyrick Prose,
As might their Follies and their Crimes oppose. *expose.*
Yet his soft hand designs no mortal Wound,
Nor would he touch on any part that's sound.
The Innocent are from his Darts secure,
And the Infected he designs to cure.
Besides ——
He was ambitious to present to view,
Something that might deserve the Name of New.
Fopling he thought so long had trod the Stage,
He seem'd to have outliv'd Methusalem's *Age.*
And though in various Dresses he appears,
His various Dresses cannot hide his Years.
His Charms grow old, and can delight no more
The shining Sex, that he oblig'd before;
The Bawd, the Punk, the Souldier, and the Cit,
The Man of Breeding, and the Man of Wit,
With dull repeated Humours clog the Pit: *Clay.*
The Bully, Cully, and the Country Squire;
The English Vicar, and the Spanish Friar,
Though he, they say, has lately quitted Station,
And publickly has made a Recantation.
All these, by turns, have on the Stage appear'd,
And thought it there no scandal to be jear'd.
None but the Plotting Priest did sneak away
Behind the Scenes, and there securely lay,
'Till our bold Poet drew him into light,
And here presents him naked to your sight.
But some will say ——
Zounds, the dull Rogue has left us in the lurch,
Promis'd a Play, and brought us to a Church,

To see a Race of mumbling Bald-pate Friars,
And heard (what need not) Jesuits prov'd Lyars:
And 'stead of the gay Humours of the Town,
Presents the Follies of the lazy Gown:
These Sparks he tells, that if they will dispence,
For these two Hours, with his wasteless Sense:
Some more than some have Humour, and some Wit:
This sure will do, except but Priests the Pit.
But if this won't, when he has done his best,
He'l speak to Captain Tom to do the rest.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. *Turnabout*, A new Convert, in love with *Leucasia*.
Lord *Brittain*, A Romanist, and true English-man.
Young *Subtleman*, A Gentleman, that to raise his Fortune, gives the Fathers hopes of his Conversion.
Sir *George Subtleman*, Father.
Cautious, an old Covetous Priest.
Bigot, A Zealous Priest.
Mackdonnel, an Irish blundering Priest.
Politico, A contriving Intriguing Priest.
Jonathan Simper, A Punk that serves *Cautious* in Man's Cloaths.
Four Priests and Three Cassists from St. *Omers*.
Manual, Secretary to *Politico*.
Four Footmen, Servants to *Leucasia*.
Constable, Watch, Rabble, &c.

WOMEN.

Leucasia, A Lady of Vertue and Fortune, but a hater of the Priest
Betty her Maid.
Mrs. *Counterfeit* a Procuress.
Mrs. *Speedwel* her Creature.
Whores, &c.

Scene Westminster

The Folly of Priest-Craft,

A

COMEDY.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Turnabout. Young Subtleman.

Turn. FAith *Jack* I have had ill luck this Month or two.

Subt. Prethee, What's the matter?

Turn. Why I've parted very friendly with my Religion, and can get nothing for it.

Subt. Then there is just nothing for nothing. The Rogues you deal with are cunning, and know how to fit you to an hair: but I have had worse fortune, I have parted with my Mony, and got nothing for it: Now there is Substance for nothing, which according to my Philosophy is very unnatural.

Turn. Well, I must find some other way of thriving; this changing a Man's Religion is a meer drug, 'tis grown too common.

Subt. You cannot find a better, if you take the right Way.

Turn. The right Way, *Jack*, why no Man could take a better: First, I applied my self to a Priest, whose Interest I thought to be greatest at Court, and told him that I was a Gentleman of a good Estate, and once a zealous Protestant; that I had always led a strict and vertuous Life, but that now I could find no Satisfaction that way, and now I desired to be admitted a Member of their Church.

Subt. So, very good.

Turn. Then I frequented all publick Masses; the private ones were never any part of my Religion: I confessed to him none but such Vices, as with other Men would pass for Vertues, and indeed greater Vertues than ever I was guilty of; I made him believe that I performed all Penances double, that I had discarded all my Friends and Kinsmen upon the account of Difference in Opinion, and amongst them a very dear Relation; that I desired to serve my Country in some publick Employment Military or Civil, not for Gain, but Advancement of the Catholick Cause, insomuch that——

Subt. Insomuch that he thought thee to be a very zealous and conscientious Catholick.

Turn. Yes faith, *Jack*, as good as any in *England*.

Subt. Why that same is the very reason that he never sought to prefer thee: The Fathers know that those that are Catholicks by Perswasion will do them Service without the visible Prospect of a Reward, and therefore they are never eager in preferring them to places of true Profit —— but they know those that are led to them by Interest, they must continually feed with the same Bait that brought them on, lest they fly off and scare others from it.

Turn. Thinkest thou so, Boy!

Subt. Think so, Why? it is most certainly true——Canst thou imagine the Fathers are such ill Husbands as to procure a Reward for those that are such Fools as to serve their ends without it. If thou think'st to get any thing considerable by their Intercession, you must let them plainly understand, that you are no puny whining Catholick, troubled with Scruples of Conscience, but Rogue enough to serve them in all things.

Turn. Well, so much may easily be done.

Subt. I know it may, and by these means thou wilt have a double Tie upon them; First, they will fear to lose thee, unless they supply sufficient Nutriment to all thy large Stock of Vices: And some of them I know are not soon satisfied. And in the second place, they will understand, that thou art a fit Instrument to act a part in any pious Villany; and if that will not make thee, nothing can. Then in the next place

Turn. Aye, Prethee, What's in the next place?

Subt. You must write a Book in their Defence.

Turn. What an unconscionable Dog art thou, thou knowest I can hardly bare the damn'd Fatigue to read one, and——

Subt. Phoo, Pox, you will write the better for that——There are several old Pieces wrote by *Campian* and others, thou mayst get a Scrivener to transcribe a dozen or two of Pages in the middle of the Book, invent a Title, and publish it in thine own Name, and thou shalt be as great a Champion as St. *George* on Horseback, and then——

Turn. What, more Advice still?

Subt. Aye, Faith, and good Advice too. Thou must be sure to deal with the Fathers as some Gallants do with vicious Women that stand upon their Reputation; thou must pry into all their Secrets, and then they will faithfully serve thee, as the *Indians* do the Devil, not out of Love but Fear. Whenever they cast out a Devil by Compact with the pretended possessed Person, Do thou be one of the Witnesses, and take care to have an hand in the business. Whenever they make an Image speak, or a Relick cure one that never was sick; do thou be one that stands behind the Curtain, or that applies the Remedy, or subscribes to the truth of the Miracle. Whenever they devise a new way to destroy Hereticks by the gentle methods of Fire and Sword; do thou be one of their Confederates, and promise to be a principal Actor in the Tragedy. If ever any of the Fathers do tempt or are tempted by a Woman, do——

Turn. Phew, say no more of that—— I know enough of their Secrets that way.

Subt. 'Tis well, *Jack*, if thou dost, for they are the most profitable Secrets of any. For when they understand that thou art Rogue enough to change sides, and discover all whenever it is for thy advantage, they must get thy Mouth stopp'd by Mony or Preferment for this. In remote Countries they do not much value their Reputation; yet here where they are bound to their good Behaviour (which some of them like worse than to be bound to a Whipping-Post) they must dread them that know their Secrets, lest the Discovery should hinder their grand Projection.

Turn. Thou speakest good Sense, but still I am not satisfied that 'tis my best course; for Mr. *Bigot*, upon whom I chiefly relie, is a Priest that is truly zealous in his way. He is Master of a good Head, which would be capable of bearing Learning if it were not applied altogether to the Politicks, which I believe are his only Study, so that now it looks like a good Field, that for want of Tillage is over-run with Briars and Thistles. He is naturally inclin'd to Honesty, and just in all things wherein his Religion is not concern'd, but then he sticks at nothing. He studies nothing but the Advancement of the Catholick Cause. As for himself, tho he has a sufficient Interest at Court, yet I believe him to be poor and needy: His Zeal is so hot, that it seemes to have burn'd up his Eyes, and dry'd up his Brain to the quantity of a Nutmeg, so that I think the Man might have been learned, honest, and wise, if his Religion had not made him a Dunce, a Knave, and a Fool.

Subt. But, my Chapman, Father *Caution*, is of a quite contrary Temper, he is resolv'd to be rich himself, tho the Cause starve to death: He is very mistrustful of a Change

and will not be so much a Fool as to expect the total Conversion of this Nation, tho *Bigot* does earnestly perswade him to it; nor does he care whether it be so or no any more than as it does promote his own private Interest. He makes just so much shew of Religion as may serve to make him capable of now and then selling an uncertain Favour at Court to a Friend for certain Mony: But whatever is beyond that, he looks on as superfluous. In fine, he is a covetous insatiable Rascal, endued with a large stock of Cunning and Hypocrisy, that is grown rich by bubbling Candidates for new Offices, and wants nothing but a leap beyond Sea to make him compleatly happy.

Turn. A very fine Character!

Subt. Besides, I'le tell thee another Secret. He is a libidinous Beast, and that Servant, *Jonathan Simple*, that attends upon him in Mans Cloaths, is known to be a Woman.

Turn. Since thou knowest him so well, what a Devil made you deal with him!

Subt. I know that he mistrusts that his Reign is not long here, and therefore may sell good Penny-worths, and since I have Mony by me I am willing to improve it to the best, till the old Man dies, who is a Father indulgent enough in every thing but his living thus long.

Turn. This damn'd Hypocrisy is the greatest of all Slaveries, I would never endure it but for the sake of the beautiful *Leucasia*, thy incomparable Kinswoman.

Subt. *Leucasia* is indeed a Lady of undoubted Wit and Vertue——One that ties not up her self to the usual Formalities of her Sex, but takes a freedom to her self in all vertuous Pleasures. But what a Devil makes thee resort to the Fathers to gain her, when thou knowest how mortally she does hate 'em, and imploys the best of her Wit against them.

Turn. Why, Faith, I'le tell thee the only reason. I found in my Addresses that she had no Aversion to my Person, but that she [illegible] my Fortunes below her, as indeed [illegible]m, I have taken this course, in which I am resolv'd to continue till I see the Issue.

Enter *Bigot* and *Cautious* talking.

But here they both come, it is their usual hour, I don't care to see them, now they will expect I should be in another place.

Exeunt ambo.

Bigot and *Cautious* advance upon the Stage.

Big. Nay, but, Brother *Cautious*, that Excuse must not serve your turn: I would fain know what makes those Heretick Clergymen in black Gowns so croud about your Lodging: Don't you know how that Tribe make it their business to maul us in their Pulpits, to squeeze us as it were to death in Printing-Presses, to disappoint us in Elections, and a thousand Tricks of the like nature—— And yet I perceive six or seven of them do wait on you every Morning.—I vow I must complain of you to our Superiors as of a suspicious Person.

Cau. Good Brother *Bigot*, be not so furious; those black Coats come for Preferment.

Big. Aye, and so we shall have all Vacancies fill'd up with Hereticks before the Penal Laws be taken away, to make room for Catholicks. I vow, Brother, you injure our Cause.

Cau. I vow, Brother, you injure your Brain by this intemperate and unnecessary Zeal. Cannot I get the Rogues turn'd out again for Simony when the time serves, and my self be a Witness against them? Besides, do you rightly consider the Worth and Dignity of their Mony —— I say again, Do you rightly consider the Worth and Dignity of the Mony?

Big. I must confess, Mony is very proper to carry on the Cause, and I am forced to expend a great deal on those that will not undertake without it; for the truth is, I find very few, excepting the zealous Mr. *Turnabout*, of our new Converts that are willing to act without Mony; upon whom I have expended great Sums, and I hope you put your Mony to that same pious use, *Brother*.

Cau. Can you doubt that?——— But in truth he may doubt it long enough before I ſpend my Mony upon ſuch improbable Projects. [*Aſide.*

Big. I can't doubt it in a true Catholick Prieſt; Why: we have more hopes now of ſubduing the Hereticks than ever———

Cau. What, becauſe of our good Fortune in the late Trial?

Big. Pſhaw, Pſhaw, that's a meer Fleabite, a Trick of Law. Would to God there were no ſuch thing as Law in the Nation. I was always an Enemy to all Proceedings by Law, they are always deſtructive to us; but we will have Commiſſions without Law, and againſt Law, and above Law, that ſhall maul the Rogues in ſpite of all their Law-tricks: But we have now ſuch a number of new Converts in all Parts, and ſuch brave Men!

Cau. I know not, Brother, how many, or how brave they be, but I'm ſure my Trade is ſenſibly decay'd of late, I have not now one half of the Cuſtom I lately had, and thoſe that do come, give not half the Money they lately did: For my part I cannot ſtay here to ſtarve among Hereticks.

Big. Phy, Brother *Cautious*, phy, do not turn thy back upon thoſe Glories that are juſt now breaking from behind a Cloud, to dazle the Eyes and amaze the Underſtanding of the Britiſh World. *Mack-Donnel* the fam'd Iriſh Prieſt, is now arriv'd at Court with joyful Tydings, with the converſion of a numberleſs number of our beloved Country-men, who ſpontaneouſly relinquiſhing their long imbib'd Errors, have thrown themſelves into the chaſt embraces of our Mother-Church.

Cau. This Fellow would needs gull me with his fair words, but ſtill I ſuſpect the ſtrength of our Cauſe. [*Aſide.*

Do you know that *Mack-Donnal?* Pray, what ſort of Man is he?

Big. He is an Iriſh Prieſt of much Zeal, tho' not much Learning, yet he is much improv'd ſince he went to St. *Omers*. He can now read a great part of the Maſs, by help of a Feſcue, and a little conning beforehand. He has been at all the great Towns in *England*, and is now returned with a Liſt of the new Converts. He is at my Lodgings——

Cau. Seeing is believing, I never renounce the teſtimony of my Senſes but in one thing: Pray, Brother, let your Servant ſtep & fetch him.

Big. to Servant.

Go and tell Father *Mack-Donnel*, that we deſire his Company, and a view of the Liſt.

Serv. I ſhall. [*Exit* Servant.

Big. to *Cau.*

But now I think on't, Brother, one of my Sons that was diſinherited by his Father for turning Romaniſt, has borrowed all my Money; pray accommodate me with a little Gold, or the Cauſe may ſuffer if I want it.

Cau. Now the Fool has been gull'd of his own Money, he would fain borrow mine; But I ſhall fail him. [*Aſide.*

Sure, Brother, you intend to affront me.

Big. Why ſo?

Cau. Why, do you think that I keep Money by me now the Cauſe is in this Diſtreſs? Phy, phy, I ſend all away beyond-Sea, I do in earneſt, [*Aſide*] and am as poor as a Church Mouſe.

Big. Doſt thou ſo Man? O how could I hug thee for it thou beſt of Men! thou art the very Joy of my Heart, and I love thee better than if thou hadſt given me a Million of Millions. *Embracing him very eagerly.*

Re-enter *Servant* with *Mack-Donnel*, flouriſhing his Paper.

Mack. Here iſh the Pauper by Shaint *Pautrick*, here it iſh; Iſh had made go one thoſhand Miles for thiſh Pauper, aund ſo fauſht by Shaint *Pautrick*, that Iſh haud come ſhooner if Iſh had not made ſtay by the way——

Big. Pray, Brother *Mack-Donnel*, give my Friend an Account of our prodigious Succeſs in the Country.

Mack. reads,

Well then——Firſht of aul in the Shitty of *London*.

Big. Sir, I ſay in Country.

Mack. Why, Iſh not aul the Country in *London?* Yeſh by Shaint *Pautrick*, aund aul *Ireland*, aund aul *Scotland*; Iſh do hope to ſhee aul *Fraunſh*, aund aul *Italy*, aund aul *Spaine* there too——and then by Shaint *Pautrick*,

London

London will be the fineſht Country in the whole World.

Can. But to paſs by theſe Digreſſions, pray give us an account of the Progreſs you have made in new Converts without Addition.

Looking on his Paper. *Mack.* Firſht then, in the Shitty of *Norwitch*, there be four ſerry proper Shentlemen dad do live in the great Houſe upon the Hill——

Can. Their Names.

Mack. *Tom Cutter*, *Richard Kill-all*, *Robert Divewell*, *William Hector*.

Can. O I have read of them in ſome printed Papers, they are four notorious Raſcals, that have kept conſtant Poſſeſſion of the Jayl there ſeven Years, as if it had been their own by right of Inheritance: They were all hang'd laſt Aſſizes for Murther and other Felonies.

Mack. Yeſh, by St. *Pautrick*, the Heretick Dogs did make hang upon their ſhweet Bodyſh, Iſh had no time a Reprive for them; but by my Shoule Man, they did die as good Catholicks as thou and Iſh art.

Can. That may be——

But, Pray Brother, what Progreſs do they make in the Univerſities? Thoſe are the Fountains that ought firſt to be ſweetned.

Looking on his Paper. *Mack.* O! in the firſht plauſh, in the Univerſity of *Cambridg* there iſh one of hiſh Majeſties moſht graſhous Offiſhers, by my Shoul and St. *Pautrick*, that do diſpaſh mauny of de Hereticks in the Year.

Big. His Name?

Mack. *William Cuttrope*—He doſh ſherve his Majeſties graſhes Sheriffe——

Can. O, I know him, he is the Common Hangman, I remember I uſed to tremble at the ſight of him when I was laſt in Jail upon Suſpicion.

Big. Brother, I vow you make my Zeal riſe againſt you, to treat a new Convert ſo rudely, as to call him plain common Hangman——This ſhews——

Can. It ſhews that you have neither Knowledg or Diſcretion to reprehend me: What more honourable Name could I give him than that of an Hangman? and by how much the more common, ſo much the better. We may talk of Books and Conferences, and I know not what, but when all's done, there are thouſands in this Nation that can be converted by nothing but Gibbets and Halters. They are at leaſt our Journy-men, we cut out the Work which they finiſh.

Big. Brother, I beg your Pardon, all this is true, but you know immoderate Zeal may ſometimes thruſt a Man upon Indecencies.

Can. Will you ſay there is the Hangman in the firſt place? and pray who is there in the ſecond?

Looking on his Paper. *Mack.* Why, in the ſecond, in the ſecond, by St. *Pautrick*, my dear Joy, in the ſecond plauſh there iſh no body at aul.

Big. Well, one ſuch is as good as many—But how many in the other places?

Mack. Then in a little Town hard by there be one thouſhand.

Can. What Catholicks or Whores?

Mack. Both together, my dear Joy, the Catholicks be the Whores, and the Whores be Catholicks, aund both together do make one thouſhand——or one dozen, by St. *Pautrick*, I know not well whether (*pores on the Paper*)

Big. Well, is that all?

Mack. No Iſh have one more——A Genleman that do wear the long Robe at *Reading*, his Name is *Henry Shimpleton*.

Can. I know him, he is a Fool, a Natural, kept by the Pariſh.

Mack. 'Tis true——I my ſelf did convert him by giving two Nickers and a Marble.

Big. Pray, Brother, ſpeak not ſo contemptibly of Fools: I will aſſure you the Catholick Cauſe is very much beholden to Fools It was invented by Fools, maintain'd by Fools, and carried on in great part by Fools unto this very day. Was not St. *Francis* a Fool? St. *Ignatius* a Fool? and a thouſand other Fools I could mention: Therefore pray, Brother, ſpeak not ſo contemptibly of Fools.

Can. Why? I ſaid ſo for that very reaſon

Mack. Well, by St. *Pautrick*, Iſh vil go and carry my Pauper to the great Man in plaiſt at Court, and beg Plaiſh for it. St. *Pautrick* bleſs you. Farewell.

Going out, but returns haſtily.

O, but ſtay, I had forgot to make Petiſhon for one thing, that Father would make pray to the King's Majeſties Grauſh for ſhome Plauſhes for the four Catholick Shentlemen that did live in the great Houſh at *Norwiſh*.

Can. Why, did not you ſay they were hang'd?

Mack. O, by my Shoul, and St. *Pautrick*, I had quite forgot dad, it iſh true, they be made hating already, and can have no Plauſh at Court. Adieu. *Exit.*

Can. Harkye, Brother, does not our Friend *Macdonnel* talk a little like a Fool?

Big. O fy, no, 'tis meer Zeal and Tranſport——you know not the true force of Zeal, it will make a Fool, a Knave, or any thing.

Can. That may be——But if it make me ſuch a Fool as to part with my Mony, I'le be hang'd for it. [*Aſide.*

Big. Well, I am haſtning to the great Spaniſh Prieſt, Father *Politico*, about ſome publick Buſineſs. He is the rareſt Contriver in the World, he has ten thouſand Plots in his Head, the leaſt of which are ſufficient to overturn a better ſettled Government than this. He has refin'd the Politicks of all the Courts in Chriſtendom for the uſe of the *Engliſh* Nation: And tho he be a Foreigner by Birth, he is ſo converſant in the Manners of the *Engliſh*, you would ſwear he had been born here.

Can. I grant Father *Politico* is a Man of a curious Frame and fine Contrivance; that he has ſeen moſt Foreign Courts, and holds Correſpondence with 'em; but to ſpeak plain, there are ſome things I do not like in him. He ſeems to be too great an Admirer of himſelf, which makes his Converſation nauſeous to others by the continual Commendation of himſelf, and is prejudicial to his Plots, by robbing him of the Advice and the Corrections of his Friends. Beſides, he is too bold in making uſe of Foreign Policies in their Courts, which for the moſt part, like Trees tranſplanted from far diſtant Soiles, tho the Fruits there were pleaſant, yet here they are harſh and crabbed.

Big. I muſt confeſs his noble Friend, my Lord *Britain*, often tells him ſo, but I cannot perceive 'tis true——I know indeed ſome do cenſure him as too amorous for the Gravity of a Church-man; and I cannot deny but he is too laſcivious, and that if he had not ſuch a diſcreet a Procureſs as Mrs. *Counterfeit*, he might incur Scandal by his daily Converſation with Women. But ſtill I muſt adore him as a great Prop of the Catholick Cauſe, and muſt make all the haſte I can to ſee him immediately. *Exit Bigot.*

Can. And I muſt find out young *Subtleman* for ſome Private Buſineſs of my own, which is more to the purpoſe than the Publick. *Exeunt* different ways.

SCENE II.

Turnabout purſued by Mrs. *Counterfeit*, and two or three Whores.

Firſt Whore. Come, Mr. *Turnabout*, don't you think we will be bilk'd ſo; it is Mony we want, and Mony we will have, or we'll detect your Debaucheries.

Mrs. *Coun.* Come, Mr. *Turnabout*, I'm acquainted with the very beſt of the Fathers, they come very often to my Houſe, no Diſparagement to 'em, and I ſhall ſoon make them acquainted what an Hypocrite you are.

Turn. Peace, you bauling Bitch you, Peace. { *Endeavours to ſtop their Mouths. They ſtruggle with him.*

Count. Nay, marry come up, Peace me no Peace: if I had been an Heretick you could not have uſed me worſe than you do. I have want of mony, and if you don't give it me, I ſhall publiſh to the World all your Pranks; I faith I ſhall ſpoil your new Saintſhip.

Turn. Do, you damn'd Whores, do your worſt, the Fathers will not believe any Ill of me.

Firſt Whore. No Ill of thee! Firſt we will tell 'em of thy Baſtard Child at *Hogsden*.

Turn. Ay, do, 'tis a brave witty Boy, they'l make him Captain of the *Savoy* School.

Second Whore. Then we will tell 'em the Story of the naked Woman in the *Strand*.

Turn. It was a delicate ſight, the Fathers will wiſh they had been there themſelves.

Third Whore. Then of the Purſe you nym'd at *Hackney*.

Turn.

Turn. That was to purchaſe Mony for Abſolution, the Fathers will thank me for it.

Firſt Whore. Then we will tell 'em of three Whores you pick'd up th'other Night at the Chappel, and lay with them all Night at the Feathers.

Turn. Ay, do, you damn'd Whores, you had beſt tell that I lay with you there too, you had ſo, you Jades.

Second Whore. Marry come up indeed, lie with us there, 'tis the very beſt thing that ever thou didſt in thy Life, the only ſign that I know of thy Converſion from the Pocky Twelve-penny Jades of the Town.

Turn. Theſe Whores may ſpoil my Deſigns, but I muſt bare up briskly to them. [*Aſide.* No Mony, you Jades you, I ſay again no Mony.

Count. Why, then in plain terms Mr. *Turnabout*, my Maidens will inſtantly repair to Father *Bigot*, and inform him, that you bragg'd laſt Night in your Cups, that you were no Catholick, but only made the Fathers believe ſo out of Intereſt, that you fool'd them all with an Opinion of your Sanctity; and that when your Turn was ſerv'd for a Treat of a dozen Bottles of Wine, you would turn Heretick again.

Turn. This damn'd Jade has hit the Nail on the head, now I dread her. [*Aſide.* Why, as for that —Hum—Why—Hum—

Whilſt Turn. *is humming*, Bigot *walks croſs the Stage, and ſpying* Turn. *makes up to him. All the Whores clap on their Masks.*

Big. O! here I have found the zealous Mr. *Turnabout* preaching Confeſſion to a Company of Heretical Ladies—O that good Man! I could cry for Joy—but I muſt ſpeak to him.

Goes to Turn. *and claps him on the Shoulder, who, ſeeing him, ſtarts, and ſpeaks haſtily to the Whores.*

Turn. Go, you damn'd Jades, there's Mony for you, be gone in ſilence.

Mrs. *Count.* Well, ſo much ſhall ſerve for this time. *Exeunt.*

Manent *Turnabout*, & *Bigot.*

Big. Pray, Son, What waſt thou doing with thoſe Ladies? What, preaching Converſion to them?

Turn. That is a Task fit for none but your Reverence, whoſe Eloquence might move the very Stones as well as Men—I was only a diſtributing a little Charity to ſome Catholick Gentlewomen of known Zeal and Vertue—Now muſt I return to the trade of whining Hypocriſy. [*Aſide.*

Big. I thought indeed I knew the glimpſe of one of their Faces—well, thou art always doing good, and I have good News to tell thee—

Turn. What? Does the Holy Cauſe go on proſperouſly? Are the Hereticks confounded?

Big. If not yet, they will be ſhortly—But as I was ſaying, an Expreſs is arrived at Court, that a Place of great Truſt and Value is fallen vacant in the Weſt, and a certain great Stateſman, having often heard me ſpeaking of your great Zeal and Integrity, was pleaſed to propound you as a Perſon moſt fitted for, and deſerving of it.

Turn. This is moſt raviſhing News indeed. How much was *Subtleman* miſtaken. [*Aſide.*

Big. But I ſeeing the impending Danger, immediately ſtep'd in: My Lord, ſaid I, (with ſubmiſſion to your Lordſhip's better Underſtanding) that you do not rightly apprehend what a kind of Man Mr. *Turnabout* is: Alas! ſaid I, he is none of thoſe ſelfiſh Worldlings that expect Places and Preferments for Reward, and under pretence of furthering the Catholick Intereſt, ſeek the Promotion of their own Ends—No, No;—your Lordſhip may find enough of ſuch baſe Creatures to allure with Places. But, ſaid I, as for Mr. *Turnabout*, his Thoughts are fix'd upon things of a ſublimer Nature: It would be the utmoſt degree of Savage Barbarity, to rob him of thoſe precious Minutes which he employs in far more noble Exerciſes. Alas! ſaid I, my Lord, Mr. *Turnabout* aims at no Honour, but that of being a Saint in the Roman Kalendar. He knows no Arithmetick, but that of telling his Beads: He ſtudies no Complements, but thoſe that are given to departed Saints in the Miſſal: He cares for no Employment, but that of advancing the Catholick Cauſe *gratis*—Now, my Lord, ſaid I, What an inhuman thing would it be to

thruſt

thrust a Man of his Seraphick Temper, into so great a secular Encumbrance, where he must be loaded with fulsome Titles of Honour, where, instead of telling over his Beads, he must be counting great Sums of Mony, and receive Visits from every Earl and Baron. And which is yet worst of all, where the Glory of his generosity of serving the Cause *gratis*, will be eclips'd, by receiving a visible Reward. This is such a Cruelty, as ought not to be used towards so good and religious a Man——

Turn. A Pox take this long-winded Paraphrastical Blockhead, he has made Speech enough to ruin all my hopes. But I must forbear my railing. [*Aside.*
And what then, Sir?

Big. Then, said I, my Lord, there is one Mr. *Subtleman* that is wavering between two Opinions; we had best procure it him, it may perhaps fix him on the right Side——And accordingly it was done this Morning.

Turn. What curst Luck's this, I have over-acted the part of an Hypocrite, and am now sensible of my Error. But I must persist till I can gain my End. [*Aside.*
I must confess my Devotion is chiefly my—— yet I could wish I had an opportunity to serve the Publick in an higher Station.

Big. Yes, I know that, therefore, said I, my Lord, there are some Gentlemen that have undertaken to serve the Publick *Gratis*, in an Honourable Employ, though with great Expence and Charges: Mr. *Turnabout*, said I, is the fittest Man in the World to make one of those. It is but expending a brace of thousand Pounds and you will gain immortal Honour.

Turn. A Pox take this damn'd Rogue, this is worse and worse, I know not what to say or do. [*Aside.*

Big. Well, what do you say to this?

Turn. Lord, Sir, I am struck with admiration of your Goodness, and could not readily find an Answer.

Big. Well then, meet me at Father *Politico*'s Lodgings at Two this Afternoon, and there you shall know farther, and hear there the finest Plots and Contrivance, and know our Secrets: In the mean time adieu. [*Exit.*

Turn. I must tack about, and let the Fathers understand, that I am not that puny whining Fellow that they imagine; but how to do it on a sudden I can't tell, unless Fortune does favour——but I must try. [*Exit.*

Lady *Leucasia* and *Betty*.

Leu. And art thou sure that *Turnabout* has been such a Baby to be spirited away by these Priests, that rake up and down after Fools and Knaves, as if they were the only precious Commodity of the Nation.

Betty. I should think, Madam, if they thought so, they would do well to transport some of them to foreign Countries; but instead of that, they daily import great numbers of 'em——But I can assure your Ladyship, Mr. *Turnabout* has the repute of a very zealous Catholick. The Fathers all adore him, and he can't miss shortly of being a very great Man.

Leu. Then I pity the poor Wretch more than ever a Man that sells his Soul to the Devil in a fair and legal way, where Writings are drawn and seal'd, some valuable Consideration given, and the Forfeiture of the Bond taken, when the Time is fully expir'd, does not act much more irrational than he, that for hopes of Preferment binds himself ever to act an indefinite number of pious Villainies, according to the Directions of the Fathers, especially at a time when they have so much Work to do.

Betty. But, pray Madam, how comes your Ladyship to be so much concerned for him now? When he made his Addresses to you, you received him with all the Disdain imaginable.

Leu. I begin to love him, because I hate them, and am loth that they should be the better for my Leavings. Tho there is little fear that any Society should be the better for him.

Betty. You blame him for his Conversion, and the World blames you, for they say his only Motive was to gain some Preferment, to render himself worthy of your Love.

Leu. Therefore I am bound in Honour to make him weary of his Profession till he re-

nounce

nounce it, and be placed where he was at first.

Betty. But if you concern your self so far, the World will conclude for certain, that you are in love with him.

Leu. The World's an Ass, or it would never be trampled and tamely rod by a Priest. I care not what the World thinks or does; I go presently to Father *Politico*'s Lodgings, and there give such a Character of Mr. *Turnabout*, as shall make them drive him from their Society: And then the poor Wretch will be so humble, and look so simply——

Betty. Pray, Madam, consider what you do.

Leu. Pray, Hussy, consider what you say, and never give your Advice but when there is more need. Get my Lodgings here ready in the *Savoy*, and then shall you see how I will plague these Bald-pated Vermine; I'le make them for ever tremble at the very Name of *Leucasia*.

Betty. I'le do it, but I can perceive no End.

Leu. It is End enough to free a Man that has pretended to love me, from Slavery and Confinement. I am sure *Turnabout* has that antipathy to all Religion, that the very Shadow of it (as 'tis said of a certain Tree) is enough to kill the Viper. Whether I love or no, I pity him so far, as I do him that Service: For

Of all the Men by God and Nature curs'd,
Surely the fawning Hypocrite is worst.
To his compar'd, the Player's Life is ease;
He always Acts---They only when they please.

[Exeunt.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Mrs. *Counterfeit*, and Mrs. *Speedwel.*

Speed. NAY but good Mrs. *Counterfeit* tell me, Will not the Fathers suspect that such an old Sinner as I, am but a New Hypocrite.

Count. Hold thy peace, Child, never fear that. If *Bigot*'s Zeal is too blind to see a Fault in a New Convert of his own making, do but give him the sole Honour of your Conversion, and you may reap the sole Profit to your self.

Speed. Yes, yes, I will seem extreamly averse to Popery, and then he will think the Honour of my Conversion will be the greater.

Count. Thou art an apt Wench, nothing will inflame him more: But be sure not to yield too soon.

Speed. Why, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, what impertinence is this; when did you ever know me yield too soon?

Count. Nay prethee, *Speedwel*, be not Cholerick, I think you did yield too soon when Mr. *Subtleman* took you napping with two Footmen, and withdrew his Maintenance upon it.

Speed. I grant you indeed that a Woman may yield too soon in solicitatious Amours, or the like; but when did you know any of them yield in Disputations, or Religious Discourses? ——Pray shew me one Precedent for that.

Count. I must confess I cannot; but, good Child, be not so hasty, If I can but bring thee into favour with *Bigot* and *Politico*, they will make Mr. *Subtleman* restore, if not increase thy Pension.

Speed. And I protest if it is done by your Means, I will serve you half a Year *gratis*.

Count. Then pull down thy Hood, and look as much dejected as if thou wert inclin'd to a melancholy Madness; they love to deal with mad People.

Speed. I warrant you. [*Walks in a melancholy posture.*

Enter *Bigot*.

Count. Here he comes, be very ſad and demure——Mr. *Bigot*, you'r welcome.

Big. Mrs. *Counterfeit*, your Servant. Pray what is the Buſineſs?

Count. Reverend Sir, this is the Gentlewoman ſo much diſturbed in Mind; I hope you will adminiſter ſome Comfort to her.

Big. Let me alone for that——Madam, [To *Speedwel*] Pray let me know the Reaſon of your diſturbed Affections? and what is it makes you look ſo ſad, like the Image of Death?

Speed. Bleſs me! do I look like an Image? all Images are Popiſh ſure: I don't look as if I were popiſhly affected——

Big. I am ſorry to hear you are ſo averſe to your greateſt good, it makes my Eyes [*weeps*] over flow with Water in compaſſion of you.

Speed. O'reflow with Water—Sure, Sir, you don't mean Holy-Water, if you do, I ſhall immediately fall into a ſwoon——I have a greater averſion to it than the Devil himſelf has——fogh——*Spits.*

Big. And why ſo? What provocation have you received that ſhould make you thus bitter againſt your Mother-Church?

Speed. Heavens bleſs me! what mean you to talk to me of a Mother-Church? I know no Mother-Church, my Father was an Anabaptiſt, and my Mother never went to Church in her life——Then how ſhould I have a Mother-Church?

Big. Your Diſcourſe, Lady, is illogically incoherent. If I am thus interrupted, how is it poſſible to make any farther Proceſſion?

Speed. Pray, Sir, forbear to make any further Popiſh Proceſſion, they are wicked abominable pieces of Superſtition: I hate a Proceſſion——

Big. I wiſh I knew, Lady, how to make my Application to you, to throw of this burthen of diſtraction from your Mind——

Speed. Alas, Sir, I feel no burthen: I am all Light, there's Light within me, and Light without me; I feel no burthen but in the Fleſh——

Big. God forbid, [To Mrs. *Count.*] ſure the Lady is not with Child.

Count. No fear of that, ſhe is the chaſteſt Virgin in the World; it is only her Phanatical way of talking. Pray, Lady, if you have any Doubts, expound them; if you have met with Croſſes——

Speed. O miſerable! what more Popery? Why ſhould you think that I have met with Croſſes? I abhor them, they are Popiſh, and I made my Coachman drive a Mile about, rather than go by *Charing-Croſs*, only for its Popiſh Name.

Big. Bleſs me! what blind rage is this? the very Beaſts are leſs ſavage, whom Nature has arm'd with Claws and Horns.

Speed. Aye, I grant you indeed, that the Beaſt in the *Revelation* has Claws, and Horns, and Heads, and Tails, and is a very Monſter I dreamt of th'other Night; and it put me into ſuch a fright—— that I ſhall never forget it——Bleſs me, one of the Faces look'd as like yours as e're it could ſtare, only Horns grew out of the Forehead; and I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are not married.

Big. Men of my Order are not ſo fleſhly given as to marry—But, pray Lady, be more ſedate, and collect the ſcattered Relicts of your Reaſon.

Speed. Aye, there you grieve me again: I ſay, all Relicts are Popiſh, and I had rather gather Sinders than collect Relicts. I can bear no longer, I muſt leave you. [*Going out.*

Big. Nay, Madam, you muſt not go away in this Diſcontent. Do but give me leave to ſpeak, and I will be your Beadſman if——

Speed. O Heavens defend me! how my Ears are aſſaulted with a continual noiſe of Popery. You be my Beadſman; Heaven knows I hate Beads! they are all Popiſh: In fine, they are my averſion, I muſt be gone. [*Going again.*

Big. Nay, good Lady——

Speed. I cannot ſtay—Oh,oh-Farewel. [*Ex.*

Big. Bleſs me, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, have you no more wit than to ſend for me to ſuch a furious Beldame as this? She has in her the very quinteſcenſe of all Phanaticiſm.

Count. Is this all the thanks I have for conſulting your Honour? To convert one that is well inclin'd, is like killing a dead Man;

'tis ſoon done, but there's no Reputation.—

Big. There I confeſs you are in the right—But I ſee not———

Count. Why? firſt you ſee ſhe's a little mad—

Big. Aye, that's well.

Count. Then ſhe is fooliſh——

Big. That gives me more hopes than the other. But how ſhall I meet with ſuch another Opportunity?

Count. I will keep her in a dark Room till ſhe recovers part of her Senſes: Believe me, Mr. *Bigot*, if ever you would work upon a Woman, take her into a dark Room till ſhe recovers her Senſes! then you may draw forth your Uſe of Comfort and make cloſe Application; and partly by inſinuating Language, and partly by force of Reaſon, you may compel her to fall down vanquiſh'd before you——

Big. Be pleaſed, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, to accept a few Guineas as an acknowledgment of———(*offers Gold*)

Count. I proteſt I will not receive them; or if I do I will lay them out again for the Encouragement of new Converts———

Big. Nay, then you ſhall take a few more, (*offers more*) I profeſs you ſhall take 'em, it is all I have; for if I had the *Indies* in my Pocket, I could freely give them to the——(*thruſts 'em into her Pocket.*)

Count. I proteſt you are too bountiful: But I will add ſix Grains more to them for the ſame uſe.

Big. Nay then, I will give thee a Bill for 20 *l.* more, nay, I proteſt I will——And thou ſhalt receive 'em preſently——

(*gives a Bill, pulling out many.*

Count. I vow you preſs too much upon my good Nature, and make me comply meerly out of Complaiſance. But will you venture on her again?

Big. Aye, immediately, before her Affections cool.

Count. I'le go and prepare your way. *Exit.*

Enter *Turnabout* to *Bigot*, as he's going out.

Big. Mr. *Turnabout*, O you've nick'd the time! you ſhall go in and hear me convert this Phanatick———diſcontented Lady.

Turn. Sir, I thank you, but I do not love the ſight of a Woman——They are dangerous things.

Big. Then thou ſhalt go with me to her in the dark Room———

Turn. The Temptation will be the greater——Imagination does provoke more than the real Object——you ſay ſhe's handſome——

Big. To Admiration——but the moſt averſe to our way in the World. She would not hearken to me.

Turn. Then you had beſt ſend a Lay-man to make the firſt Impreſſion, and you may ſtrike in to finiſh the Conqueſt——

Big. The truth is ſhe is prejudic'd to one of my Order, I think I had beſt ſend you——

Turn. O fy, by no means, I am Maſter of no Eloquence.

Big. Aye, but thou art Maſter of Honeſty and Integrity, and that's better——

Turn. What a plaguy Rogue is this to ſcandalize me at this rate—— [*Aſide.*

Big. Well, Son, What doſt thou ſay to it? Wilt thou go and try thy Skill upon her?

Turn. Alas! Sir, all Skill is gotten by Experience, I have no experience in Women——

Big. Thou art the beſt of Men, and if poſſible better than my ſelf——But be not thus baſhful, thou ſhalt diſcourſe with her in the dark, and there is no fear of bluſhing——

Turn. I had rather go into the Cave of a Lioneſs.

Big. Poor modeſt Gentleman; that thou ſhouldſt thus be afraid of Women! We Prieſts go boldly to their Chambers, to their Cloſets, to their Beds, to all their Secrets, and matter nothing of it.

Turn. So, I have heard you do almoſt perſwade me to Vertue.

Big. By all means go——ſhe will ſooner hearken to you———

Turn. I hope ſhe will——I will give her good Counſel.

Big. Go then, and I'le return immediately——Succeſs attend you—— *Exit.*

Turn. Now will I be damn'd if this be not ſome She of the Town that pretends to Phanaticiſm juſt as I do to Vertue and Honeſty——I love *Leucaſia*, but the proſpect of

enjoying her is at ſo great diſtance, that I muſt bait upon this by the way. I will firſt bring her into the Light, and if ſhe be handſom I ſhall wiſh my ſelf condemn'd to Darkneſs again. *Exit.*

Re-enter with Speedwel.

Turn. Nay, good Lady, you muſt not be angry if I do not ſuffer you to remain in Darkneſs———

Speed. I have Light within me———

Turn. Aye, gad, that thou haſt, pretty Innocence, and Light without thee too——

Speed. Thou art a prophane young Man, and doſt mean ſomething that's ill——

Turn. No, faith, I mean nothing but thy two pretty Eyes, thoſe Fountains of Light, 'tis true they vomit Fire too much, and enflame a Man's Heart, that's their fault———

Speed. Thou art very leud and obſcene, I fear thou art fleſhly given.

Turn. How ſhe puts me in mind of it. [*Aſide.*

You gueſs right, and ſince you are all Spirit, and I am all Fleſh, we had beſt make a Match, it will be like the Union of the Body and Soul, full of Life and Vigor.

Speed. A pretty Fellow this, my Mouth waters at him, but I muſt diſſemble. [*Aſide.*

And doſt thou think that I will be yok'd with one of the Ungodly. How indecent a thing would it be to ſee a Saint and a Sinner in the ſame Bed.

Turn. I grant you, Madam, it is an undecent thing to be ſeen together, and therefore we will go into the dark Room where no body can ſee us. I hate Matrimony, it makes a Man to be gaz'd at.

Speed. I muſt confeſs, I know no place that forbids going into a dark Room; and therefore if that were all I can eaſily conſent to it.

Enter Bigot *ſtanding behind liſtening.*

Big. Well, I will hear now how my new Convert behaves himſelf in his Poſt——

Turn. Why, ſure Lady, you don't ſuſpect my Honeſty, upon Reputation I will be very civil; I hope, Lady, will you give me the favour of a Salute. (*kiſſes her.*)

Big. Good, very good, he has almoſt won her Heart already.

Speed. I don't read that kiſſing is forbidden; but I fear you have ſome farther Intention.

Turn. If you dare venture your ſelf with me, I ſhall convince you of your Error———

Big. to himſelf.

That's too much, he ought to leave the finiſhing Work to me——

Speed. I have a Light within me, that ſhews me clear thou haſt a mind to debauch me——and doſt thou think I will defile the Bed of my late deceaſed Husband? ——

Big. What's that? [*Aſide.*

Turn. There's no Bed there, nothing but a Couch and few Chairs, that have made guilty ſo often, that 'tis beyond our Power to make 'em worſe.

Big. to himſelf.

I proteſt my Son *Turnabout* is wanton.

Speed. I grant you there is no Command againſt defiling Couches and Chairs——I am almoſt perſwaded to venture——

Turn. There is no venture in it; I will certainly give you Content.

Speed. Alas! how can you content me? I have had to do with Men of as great Parts and Abilities (tho I ſay it my ſelf) as any are in *Europe*, and none could ever content me yet.

Turn. Pſhaw, Madam, they were Bunglers or Coxcombs, that think to content Women by perplexing their Minds; my Method is always to begin with the Body firſt——— (*Embracing her*)

Speed. Out upon thee Villain! thou doſt begin to be uncivil.

Turn. Faith, Lady, I am very uncivil, to talk ſo much and perform ſo little: Come, let us throw by theſe Scruples, and retire into a more convenient place; Vertue, you know, fears nothing.

Speed. Do thy worſt, I fear not thee nor thine. *Exeunt.*

Big. Aſide,

I ſet him to convert her, and he's gone to debauch her, I'le rout 'em.

Enter

Enter Speedwel *in Confuſion*, Turnabout *puſhing her.*

Turn. For Heaven's ſake make haſte down Stairs before *Bigot* ſees you! A Prieſt is like a Dog in a Manger, when he can't feaſt upon a new Convert himſelf he will ſuffer none elſe. (*ſhe runs away in haſte.*)

Enter Bigot *in a Fury.*

Big. Mr. *Turnabout*, I wonder you are not aſham'd to be taken in ſuch obſcene undecent Poſture with a Woman!

Turn. Heavens defend my Innocence! Was ever Man ſo miſtaken? If a Woman fall into a Swoon, may I not take her up? if her Breaſts beat high with Paſſion, may not I innocently lay my hands upon them to keep 'em down? If ſhe is overwhelm'd with Sorrow, may not I give her two or three reviving Kiſſes, but you muſt preſently ſuſpect me of Obſcenity?

Big. Aye, Sir, but I over-heard your Diſcourſe before that.

Turn. What, I warrant, you are zealous becauſe I endeavour'd to convert her in an allegorical way, making uſe of familiar Figures, that look juſt like Obſcenity. Ah! Ah! that's pretty.

Big. Nay, Son, if that's all I am contented.
But pray, Son, what Succeſs had you?

Turn. Why, I had almoſt perſwaded her, but you interrupted me——

Big. O! thou art the very beſt of Men — But how could you gain ſo eaſy a Conqueſt?

Turn. O, I wrought upon her Affections!

Big. 'Tis a thouſand pitties that I interrupted you——But I'le give you a fitter Opportunity.——

Turn. Aye, pray do, and let it be more private.

Big. As private as you pleaſe——I'le ne're diſturb you.

Turn. Why, then you ſhall ſee how ſoon I'le do her buſineſs.

Big. I don't queſtion it; but be ſure to do it effectually.

Turn. Aye, and perhaps ſhe and I may get two or three.

Big. And ſo you two may increaſe and multiply to ſome purpoſe——

Turn. Nay, I'm reſolv'd to mind the work of Propagation, and if the fault is not in her, I don't doubt but I ſhall anſwer your Expectation.

Big. But, good Mr. *Turnabout*, let me come in for ſome ſhare of the Honour.

Turn. Sir, I ſhall quit all Pretenſions to the Honour of this Enterprize, and leave it wholly to you: All I propoſe to my ſelf is the Pleaſure and Satisfaction of doing good to a diſtreſſed Lady.

Big. Nay, it is certainly a very delightful Work, I wiſh we could both joyn at the ſame time——

Turn. That's impoſſible, ſhe would be hard enough for one at a time, but two together will breed Confuſion.

Big. Then, prethee, prepare the way for me as ſoon as may be.

Turn. With all my Heart.

Exeunt ſeveral ways.

Scene] Politico's *Lodgings, who is diſcover'd walking in his Night-Gown.*

Pol. How few, but pleaſant are the Minutes that I ſnatch from publick buſineſs of the State; 'tis my own, yet ſcarce can call them ſo: But now I am engag'd I muſt proceed. The Land's in ſight I need not fear the Sea. Here——where's this *Manual*——[*knocks.*

Enter Manual.

Man. Your Pleaſure, Sir.

Pol. Bring hither the Intelligence you received by the laſt Poſt.

Man. I ſhall. [*Exit* Manual.

Pol. Theſe Hereticks are odd Tools to build up the Catholick Church withal; and I believe that I am the firſt that ever found out the way to make 'em uſeful in that Building without hewing them to pieces: If the Spies I employ in the Country give me an exact Character of every particular Man, I

ſhall

ſhall find Work ſuitable to their various *Genius's*, and make them all ſerve our Ends, and yet they ſhall never know it, which is Delicacy in Policy, which is purely my own, and ſuch as I preſume none could ever equal.

Enter Manual *with Papers and Pencils.*

Man. Here they are, Sir.

Pol. Read the Characters of ſuch Perſons as may be thought fit to ſerve their Country in the Weſt.

Man. reads.

The firſt is Mr. *Peaceable*; he is rich and ſo great a Diſſenter, that he ſcarce ever ſaw the inſide of a Church in his Life: He is of a calm Temper, provokes none, nor is to be provoked by any; but holds a fair Correſpondence with Men of all Perſwaſions: He is much beloved, and has no ſmall Intereſt in the Country.

Pol. Daſh out his Name: A peaceable Diſſenter can do us no Service. Who's next?

Man. reads.

The next is Mr. *Greedy*, by Trade a Scrivener, a Man of no mean Senſe and Abiliries; one that profeſſes great Love and Affection to the Eſtabliſh'd Church, which he is able to defend with the beſt of Arguments: He is an acute Diſſenter againſt Popery, indifferent and covetous to the higheſt degree of Rapaciouſneſs on one hand, and Sordility on the other.

Pol. What, didſt ſay covetous?

Man. reads again.

To the higheſt, *&c.*

Pol. Then mark him down; that one thing makes Recompence for the reſt of his ill Characters — We ſhall find ſome Bait to draw a covetous Man to our ſide.

Man. reads.

The third is Mr. *Zealous*, of the Congregational Way, a Man of unqueſtion'd Parts and Subtilty: He is reckon'd amongſt the moſt eminently gifted Brethren, and not without cauſe; he is much ador'd for his Zeal and pathetick Exclamations againſt Popery: But thoſe that pretend to know him better, do ſay, that at moſt he is but an Atheiſt, and his whole Religion is Hypocriſy, and his moſt viſible Patrimony is the voluntary Contribution of the Women.

Pol. I like that Hypocriſy well enough, it ſhews that he is able to manage an Intrigue, mark him down, I ſhall ſhape him out a way to ſerve us.

Man. reads.

Then there's Mr. *Whyner*, by Trade a Weaver; but not being able to live on that, he is turn'd Preacher — He is a Fellow of a broad Face, and no Brains, the want of which is ſupply'd by a large ſtock of Impudence, which enables him to rail againſt Popery in *Billingſgate* Language, without two grains of Senſe or Reaſon——He gets a good quantity of Mony in the Year, and preaches in a little Shed at the end of his Houſe.

Pol. Then mark him down, and ſend an hundred Pounds to make his Shed bigger: There are more converted to us by hearing bad Sermons againſt Popery, than by hearing good ones for it. Who's next?

Man. reads on.

Mr. *Slumber*, a Romaniſt by Education; he is accounted a Man of a good Life and Converſation, but not much inclin'd to Vigor and Activity; He is moderately rich, and well beloved by all Parties.

Pol. Daſh out's Name, he can do us no good, unleſs it be in ſome inferior Station, for the Encouragement of others.

Man. reads.

The next is one *Ranter* of thoſe peaceable People called Quakers——He——

Pol. If he be of that Perſwaſion you need give no further Character, for we are ſatisfied in them——the next.

Man. reads.

Mr. *Firebrand*, a Fifth Monarchy Man, one of an implacable Temper, that in the late Times was very much proſecuted. He is eſteemed very rich, but the moſt violent revengful ill-tempered Man in the whole Country.

Pol. A moſt excellent Perſon this, and the firſt in the whole World to ſerve us—— Is there any more of the ſame Character?

Man. looks,

Yes, five or ſix.

Pol. If there were five or ſix thouſand

we could find Work for them all: Mark down their Names.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's my Lord *Britain* would know if it be conſiſtent with your Reverence's Affairs to admit a Viſit.

Pol. Deſire his Lordſhip to entertain himſelf a ſmall time in the Drawing-Room, till I have given ſome Inſtructions to ſome young Gentlemen lately come from St. *Omers*, how to behave themſelves in their Miſſion——

Ser. I ſhall, Sir, (And thus the Lord muſt wait upon the Prieſt) —— [*Exit.*

Pol. Go *Manual*, bring in the St. *Omers* Men——

Man. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Man.

Pol. I know this Lord *Britain* comes only to tell me that I take too violent Meaſures, and nothing but the Event can convince him of his Error— I wonder ſo good a Catholick as he can be ſo ſtupid——

Enter Man. *with four Prieſts bowing to* Pol.

Pol. Gentlemen, I am glad to ſee your Zeal has brought you hither to the Converſion of ſo ſtubborn and head-ſtrong a Nation— But becauſe Zeal without Knowledg may do hurt, I deſire you to take ſome few Inſtructions from me, and to commit them to Memory and Books——For I can aſſure you they are ſuch as are not very common.

All. With Gladneſs, Sir.

Pol. A Table here and Stools: Well Gentlemen, the firſt thing to be conſidered, is the End you were ſent for, and that is to convert ſo many of this Nation, as ſhall be able, with ſome Advantages I will not name on the other ſide, to reduce the reſt by force—— Now, according to the ſtricteſt Political Obſervations, I can make the thirtieth part of the Nation——May do that work with difficulty, a twentieth without any oppoſition, and I think that a Notion in Politicks not unworthy your Obſervation.

Tables and Stools are brought, they all ſit round and draw out their Pocket-Books.

All. 'Tis excellent. [*they write*]

Pol. Now you may expect that I ſhould enquire into your Learning, and the Progreſs you have made therein in Foreign Univerſities; but as for Learning I do not much care whether you have it or not; they that have it may do no hurt, provided they make no uſe of it; but thoſe that have it not are beſt of all.

All. That's well, very well. [*they write*]

Pol. For look you, Gentlemen, Learning can at beſt ſerve but to correct the great Head-pieces of this Nation, the inferior ſort are never won by that: Now we want not the Head but the Hands of the Nation for the finiſhing our work——for need we care for Heads provided we have Hands enough to daſh their Brains out.

All. A good Obſervation. [*they write*]

Pol. Beſides, to ſpeak the plain truth, the Hereticks are very much better vers'd in Books than our ſelves; and I think him an Aſs of a Politician, that will challenge an Adverſary at his own Weapons.

All. 'Tis very true, very true. [*they write*]

Pol. When you come to convert an ignarant Perſon, whoſe Miniſter or other Friends are learned, then make uſe of the moſt impertinent of all your Arguments: A number of which you may tranſproſe from our caſhier'd *Laureat*, which preſently he will propound to his Pariſh-Prieſt, and he diſdaining to anſwer them by reaſon of their Impertinence, his Silence will be imputed to Inability, and that Inability will be thought to proceed from the badneſs of his Cauſe, and ſo your new Convert will be more confirm'd than ever.

All. An Excellent contrivance this. [*they write.*

Pol. Avoid as much as may be all Diſputes and Conferences, unleſs it be with one of theſe three Proviſo's. 1. That your Diſputes be with thoſe that are moſt eminent of the contrary Party; for whatſoever the Succeſs is, it will ſtartle the common People to ſee the greateſt of their Leaders thus boldly attack'd. 2. Never enter into Diſpute but when you are ſure that the Perſon

for

for whose sake you appoint the Conference will declare in favour of your side: for he that carries away the Prize right or wrong, will always be thought to obtain the Victory. And, 3. Above all things, have a care that you tie not up your selves to the strict Rules of Sense and Reason; for that hinders multiplicity of words, and is extreamly prejudicial to our Cause—— observe these three Proviso's, and then dispute as often as you please——

All. We shall carefully observe 'em.

[*they write.*]

Pol. There are other Directions how to work upon the various Tempers of Men, but those I have reduced to few Heads, and committed to writing in this Paper, of which *Manual* shall give you Copies——

[*gives the Paper*]

Disperse your selves into various Parts of the Country, and may Prudence, Success, and the Blessing of Heaven attend you always.

All. We thank your Reverence, and shall carefully observe your Order.

[*Exeunt* four Priests and *Manual.*

Enter Lord Britain.

Ld. Br. Reverend Sir, I could stay no longer from your Reverence; I fear you have put the Nation into such a flame, that all the holy Water in the World will not be able to quench it: Your violent Proceedings against the Heretical Clergy has created a general Discontent—Heaven knows how it may end!

Pol. I wonder your Lordship can think that any Proceedings against a few obstinate Black-coats should create any disturbance amongst either the Gentry or Commons of this Land! Did your Lordship ever perceive that the Gentry were ever better pleas'd with a Play, than when the poor Parson was jeer'd? or the Clowns ever more rejoyce, than when the Vicar was ruin'd? Alas! my Lord, I contriv'd this violent Persecution of the Black-coats for the general Satisfaction of the whole Kingdom.

Ld. Brit. I must confess I hate them as much for their Religion, as the Farmers do for taking their Tithes: But yet I have so much of Generosity, as to think it hard that Men of Learning should be forc'd to beg or starve.

Pol. Good, my Lord, take no care for that, I have abundance of Charity for the Villains, tho they don't deserve it, and have care of them. Some of them have good Pallates and love their Bellies: We will send for *Fr.* Men to instruct them in the Art of Cookery, and then they may keep from starving, by licking their Fingers. Some of them have good Voices and are very musical, they shall be licens'd to sing Ballads, or cry Fagots, which may be a good Trade if burning of Hereticks come again in fashion. Others have a right habit of cringing, flattering, fawning, bowing, lying for Court-Preferment, and those will be sure to live, provided you don't cut out their Tongues, or thrust a Stake into their back-sides to hinder their Courtesy. Others (as a punning Friend of mine was pleased to phrase it) in all Changes of Government have been good *Trimmers*, and those we will put out to Barbers. And thus your Lordship may see that I am very charitably given.

Ld. Br. But then the Fathers must have a care how they go to their Shops for fear they cut their Throats.

Pol. Phoe——no——they have so tam'd themselves by their Passiveness, that there is now no danger in them.

Ld. Br. I grant there is a general Inclination in all Hereticks to insult over their Clergy; but this seems to be grounded rather on an uncertain Humour than solid Reason; and who knows but that their Sufferings may reconcile them to their Love.

Pol. No, 'tis impossible—— And herein I think I have out-done the finest Policies of all the Courts in *Europe*; for by this I do our own business, and gratify all sorts of People in the Nation.

Ld. Br. But will not this make the People jealous of their legal Rights and Priviledges——And if they have been so furious in the Vindication of them, when the Danger has been only imaginary, What will they do when the Danger is real?

Pol. Less than if the Danger were only

imagi-

imaginary; for that which is imaginary is infinite, according to the various rovings of Fancy; that which is real has Bounds, and such Bounds as are soon comprehended by common Sense. Besides, I wonder you will talk of the old antiquated Notions of Legal Rights and Priviledges; they are only the Concessions of fooliſh or weak Kings, which the wiſe and ſtrong may reſume at pleaſure—

Ld. Br. I am altogether of another Opinion——Sir, I am an Engliſh-man born, and ſhould be loth to ſee the Conſtitution ruin'd, which I think to be the beſt in the World.

Pol. Pſhaw, Pſhaw, your Lordſhip has not ſeen the Policies of Foreign Courts, as I have done, and therefore I the leſs wonder at you.

Ld. Br. It is enough for me that I know the Excellency of our own, I only call'd in to tell you my Apprehenſions, you may uſe them as you pleaſe. Farewel.

[*Exit* Lord Britain.

As Pol. *is going out, enter to him* Servant.

Ser. Sir, there is a Lady mask'd below that would needs ſpeak with you.

Pol. A Lady! 'tis unuſual——but conduct her up——there may be ſomething in it extraordinary.

Ser. Immediately.

Pol. I wonder who this Woman ſhould be——ſure ſhe is not ſent by Mrs. *Counterfeit* without my order.

Enter Leucaſia.

Leu. Reverend Sir, you may juſtly wonder that a Woman——

Pol. Good Lady, no Apologies, they are ſuperfluous, as a Preface or promiſing Title-Page to a good Poem. Nature has done enough to make whatever you ſay to be graceful; you diſparage her Workmanſhip by adding more — [By Heaven a gallant Woman!

[*Aſide.*

Leu. But you may wonder that a Woman—

Pol. I wonder at a Woman! they may, can, or ought to do all things; had I ſufficient Authority, I would decree them a Diſpenſing Power over all Laws and Cuſtoms introduc'd by Tyranny and Arbitrary Power—Wherefore, pray Madam, let me know your buſineſs, that you may know my readineſs to ſerve you.

Leu. Notwithſtanding your readineſs to forgive an Abſurdity, I ſhould bluſh at it, but that I am conſcious that my only deſign of appearing here, is to do you Service——which if I can accompliſh——

Pol. You have accompliſhed it already, Madam, your Preſence brings its Reward with it——Pray, Lady, let me learn your buſineſs? [A charming Creature by my Prieſthood!

[*Aſide.*

Leu. Then, Sir, I thought my ſelf oblig'd to let you underſtand, that whereas you have receiv'd lately one Mr. *Turnabout* (as ſome ſay) into the very Merits of your Order——

Pol. There is indeed ſuch a Perſon——We who ingage our ſelves ſo much in publick Buſineſs, cannot know every particular Man that is converted, but I heard my Brother *Bigot* commend him for a very ſeraphical Perſon.

Leu. Why that's my only buſineſs to undeceive you. It grieved me to the very Heart to ſee Men of your Parts and Learning, and that have Policy in your Profeſſion, and pretend to have ſtudied the Arts of all the Courts in *Europe*; you that have undertaken to root out Hereſie, ſubvert Kingdoms, and enflame the World; you that pretend to baffle Uſurers of their Mony, Engliſh Men out of their Priviledges, and all Mankind out of their Senſes; you that have ſo often out-witted the Devil, and as ſome ſay, out-vy'd him too, making him ſubſcribe to Catholick Verities; you that pretend by your Exorciſms to bring an Ejectment againſt *Beelzebub*, and caſt him out of Poſſeſſion, tho it be nine Points of the Law: I ſay, to ſee you impos'd upon by ſuch a Perſon as *Turnabout*, a Man of deſperate Fortunes, and more deſperate Principles; one that was ſo well known, that he could hardly be truſted for a twelve-penny Ordinary, or impoſe upon the raweſt Squire that ever came to Town, tho, the firſt time after the Death of his Fa-

ther, I say again, to see you hugging him in your Bosom for a converted Saint, it seem'd to me as preposterous as to see the Bear making Love to the Gentlewoman with the Bears-face, or the Woman in *Shakespeare*, kissing the Fellow with the Asses-head ——This forced me by the Principles of common Humanity to pity you extreamly, and I am now come, like a true Romantick Lady, to free you from the Enchantment of your Error——

Pol. Come, Lady, I perceive you love Mr. *Turnabout*, and that he has unworthily forsaken you, for nothing but Love and Revenge could furnish you Matter to so much Railing, and nothing but so much Wit as yours could make such Railing pleasant—— Come, Lady, confess, I know it is Revenge——

Leu. I vow, Sir, the Nation reports you to be wiser than *Solomon*, but herein you are as much mistaken, as if you had been the elder Brother of the three wise Men of *Goatham*—— If I had studied Revenge I should have rather wished his continuance in your Service. It would exceed the Revenge of the fam'd *Italians*.

Pol. What is it Lady you would have us do with him? ['Tis a curious Wench, but her Railery is too sharp. [*Aside.*

Leu. Why, Sir, for your own good I would propound two ways. 1. Either Excommunicate him publickly by Bell, Book and Candle. Or, 2. Else tell him plainly that he must expect nothing from you, and then he will of his own accord forsake you, and your Society will be eas'd of that heap of Scandal; for I can assure you he is bloody and revengeful; a Man that will do any thing for his Interest, and nothing against it; and truly I do think it better that he should herd amongst Hereticks, than remain in the number of your choice new Converts, that are pick'd out of the rest of the Nation, just as rotten Plums are cull'd from those that are sound in the Basket——

Pol. This would be too sharp if it were not sweetned by her Wit and Beauty. [*Aside.*

Leu. Besides, if you retain him longer, you will incur an inevitable danger of having a greater Proficient in the peculiar Arts of your Order than your selves, which is a Disgrace hitherto unknown to it——

Pol. I am well satisfied, Madam, that Mr. *Turnabout* was once yours, and that you are angry with us for receiving stolen Goods, and perhaps you set a small value upon him for that very reason, because you would have him return so much the sooner and cheaper back again——But as for his Crimes and Blemishes when an Heretick, they are to be look'd upon as the Genuine Fruits of a false Perswasion. But I presume you have nothing to object against him, since he left you and came to us. [An excellent Woman this, and of a quick and facetious Invention. [*Aside.*

Leu. Alas, Sir, you are so much mistaken, that I pity you for nursing such a Viper, that stings you most since you have been kindest to him——There is ne're a Night that he gets six Bottles into his Belly (and there are few Nights he misses 'em) but he draws your Picture, and makes it as publick as that of the seven Bishops: First, says he, as to the Prudence of your Choice, That you are like a Company of greazy Scullions, that first put the Nation into a Ferment, and then take off all the Scum to be kept for your own proper Use and Advantage. As for your Invention, he says, you contrive more improbable Plots in the State than ever Poet did on the Stage: And that, like blind Moles, you undermine a stately Building that will fall upon your own Heads, and crush you to Atoms—— And as for your Honesty, he says, that if he were sure to be partaker of your evil Demerits, as you tell him he is of your good ones, he would have the Rope put about his Neck, the Psalm set, and be fairly turn'd off to prevent farther Torments——This and a great deal more he says of you in all Companies; for which I am the rather sorry, because I am very well assur'd 'tis true——But having acted the part of a Friend, I had no more to add, but that I am your humble Servant. Farewel.

[*As she's going out he stops her.*

Pol. But ſtay, good Lady, after all theſe Affronts, which I look upon as a little innocent Railery, I hope you'le let us taſte a little innocent Pleaſure.

[*Offers to kiſs her, ſhe thruſts him by.*

Leu. Nay, good Sir, hold there—If your Gravity is enclin'd to wax rampant, I will ſend Mrs. *Counterfeit* and her twenty ſeven Virgins to cool you. In the mean time adieu.

[*Struggling to get from him, but cannot.*

Enter Turnabout *and* Bigot.

Pol. O, here comes Mr. *Turnabout* and Mr. *Bigot* at the expected time. Brother *Bigot*, I muſt deſire you to walk into the Cloſet with me, I have ſomething private to communicate——This Lady will entertain Mr. *Turnabout*, ſhe knows him. [*Exit.*

Turn. What, my dear *Leucaſia* here, and alone too, with a Prieſt! ſure it is not ſhe.

Leu. Why ſure, Sir, I am not ſo much changed as you are, you may know me, for methinks I know you better than ever.

Turn. Nay, good Madam, tho I have lov'd you to the higeſt extremity of Paſſion, do not twit me in the Teeth with changing; for certainly never any underwent a greater Change than your ſelf. To ſee the vertuous modeſt *Leucaſia* taken alone in a Prieſt's Chamber! I vow methinks 'tis pretty.

Leu. And to ſee the Whoring, Drinking, Roaring, Hectoring Mr. *Turnabout* herded in a Company of bald-pate Friers, mumbling over his Prayers as Witches do their Charms, and playing with his Beads as Boys do with Nuts on a String, I think is at leaſt as odd and pretty a ſight as the other.

Turn. Nay, faith, Madam, never bluſh, I am glad of it; for whilſt your Honour was untainted, your Pride was ſo great, that Mr. *Turnabout* was rejected as a wicked profane Perſon; and a Man forſooth of Pleaſure, but now I hope we may treat upon more equal terms.

Leu. Why ſure, you that are ſo fam'd for a new Convert, cannot think the Converſation of a Prieſt to be ſcandalous.

Turn. Phoo——Pox, I know them too well to truſt them with Money, a Secret, or with a Woman: But the truth is, I dare not tell them ſo to their Faces; but from ſuch a Friend as my dear *Leucaſia* I can conceal nothing.

Leu. Tho your Rudeneſs in ſuſpecting my Vertue, and affronting me to my Face, might challenge another kind of Return; yet ſince you are open to me, I will be as open to you, and tell you plainly that I came hither out of meer Love and Compaſſion to you.

Turn. Why I always told you that you would come to that at laſt, whilſt I made my Addreſſes to you in the Country, and you know my Fortunes were a little impair'd, who more ſlighted than Mr. *Turnabout?* But now you ſee me coming to Preferment——ready to ride in my Coach and ſix—— and be one of the great Managers of the Nation—— Now you are a little tempted with the promiſing proſpect.

Leu. Nay, hold a little, you do not underſtand the Nature of my Love——I as much contemn your old Thred-bare Fortunes as I do your new gaudy Religion. They are both in Extreams that are moſt odious to me: But I was mov'd with Pity and Compaſſion to ſee ſo brisk and aiery a Gentleman bound over to the continual Drudgery of a whining Hypocriſy, and came hither on purpoſe to purchaſe your Pardon.

Turn. Nay, if that be all, I am ſatisfied. But pray, good Madam, what is it you have done?

Leu. Why, I have acquainted Father *Politico* with your true Character, and that you know is bad enough——I have made him ſenſible, that you came to their Party only for your own Ends, and then whenſoever it was, for your own Advantage you would forſake them——I have quite ſpoil'd the Character of your new Saintſhip, and expect to ſee thee turn'd out of the Society and thy new-found Friends, and look as dejected as a diſcarded Officer, that has neither Pay or Arms——

Turn. And are you ſure you have done all this effectually?

Leu. As effectually as words can do it.

Turn. Ha! ha! ha!! Then thou art the moſt obliging Creature in the World; I fancy there's ſome near relation between thy Genius and mine, thou art ſo ready to do me a Kindneſs when thou thinkeſt leaſt of it: I have been ſtudying theſe two hours to do that for my ſelf which thou haſt done for me, and could invent no way ſo good as this: I was juſt going to leave my Hopes unfiniſhed, and turn Proteſtant, but now I will not take a Million for them. Now the Fathers underſtand all my good Qualities, I ſhall ſhortly ride in my Coach and Six—with a very great Equipage, and then I ſhall not fail in gratitude to make you moſt frequent Viſits, in hopes of a kinder reception.

Leu. If I have done you any kindneſs of this nature, it is againſt my will. When your Coach and Six are ready, I ſhall expect your Viſits; till then adieu.

Turn. Nay, Madam, I muſt wait on you to your Coach.

Leu. You may.

This happens ill; but
Fortune ſometimes the beſt Deſigns may croſs:
But Woman's Wit is never at a loſs. *Exeunt.*

Politico and *Bigot.*

Big. But is it poſſible Mr. *Turnabout* ſhould be ſuch a kind of Man!

Pol. I don't think all the Lady ſaid of him was true, but the greateſt part is likely.

Big. Then will I preſently go to him and tell him how much he is a Rogue and a Raſcal.

Pol. Nay, hold Brother, you run too faſt, and leave behind you all the true Rules of Policy. It is true indeed, the Lady did throw upon him (as I may ſay) a whole Dunghil of Reproaches; but (as the Criticks report of *Virgil* and *Ennius*) out of that Dunghil I have extracted a great deal of real Gold, and ſpie a greater Treaſure than you imagine: She reports him Bloody, Revengeful; always true to his Intereſt, never true to his Promiſes; why theſe are the Men we do moſt want. You know, in proceſs of time, we may ſtand in need of having a great Man removed, by Sword, Poiſon, or an Evidence to deſtroy a turbulent Heretick. And who more proper than Mr. *Turnabout?* who has Wit as well as Reſolution, in which moſt of the common Ruffians are deficient. Beſides, you have diſcovered to him many of our Secrets, and therefore you muſt treat him with all the kindneſs imaginable, and oblige him as ſoon as we can.

Big. I muſt confeſs I have told him of ſome of the violent Courſes we did intend to take—But if I ever tell him any more——

Pol. Your Zeal blinds your Eyes, and makes you to act imprudently——If you have diſcovered ſome Secrets, you may with the ſame, nay greater ſafety, diſcover all——for the more you diſcover, the more you oblige to ſilence——We muſt prefer *Turnabout* as ſoon as poſſible——But, pray Brother, have a care how your Zeal makes you miſtake Men again.

To them *Cautious*, *Turnabout*, *Subtleman* and *Simper.*

Cau. Mr. *Subtleman*, I am glad your Buſineſs is done. This is the Gentleman to whom you are moſt obliged. [*Shows him to* Politico.

Subt. The greatneſs of the Benefit, and the quickneſs of the Diſpatch, do equally amaze me: I fear you have thruſt me into an inevitable neceſſity of being ungrateful.

Pol. The Place you had conferred on you this Morning, has been valu'd at 4000 *l.* you have it *gratis*; but remember this, that much is expected from you.

Subt. Not more than I am ready to perform, when occaſion offers.

Pol. Mr. *Turnabout*, I and my Brother *Biget* would gladly ſpeak with you a little more in private.

Turn. Moſt gladly, Sir. [*They retire to the corner of the Stage, whilſt* Cautious *and* Simper *come up to* Subtleman.

Cau. You ſee, Mr. *Subtleman*, how freely this Benefit is conferr'd upon you, without Coſt or Charges. I vow, ſome of our Coat

are ſo covetous, they would expect two or three 1000 Guineas from you: But alas, Covetouſneſs, next to a Proteſtant Succeſſor, is to me the moſt odious thing in the World. One thouſand would be as acceptable to me as an hundred thouſand; for what, alas, is Money?

Subt. I do verily believe it will, for (as you well know) ſome of your Way are ſo extreamly covetous, they are a diſgrace to their Cloth; which you wiſely avoid, by taking nothing for kindneſſes of this Nature. You do extreamly well, I can never ſufficiently commend you for it.

Can. [Now if I have not a great care, I ſhall be baffled out of Mony for the ſake of a little diſſimulation. [*Aſide.*

Sir, you ſpeak well; I hate Covetouſneſs, as you may well ſee by my demanding only 1000 *l.* for that which is worth 4000 *l.* and who would make two words of ſo ſmall a Sum?

Subt. Ounds, a 1000 *l.* a ſmall Sum for a Man that has a Father living, and a dozen coſtly Vices to maintain at his own proper Coſts and Charges!

Can. Then I perceive, Mr. *Subtleman*, that after all you intend to wrong me; and you build upon this falſe Foundation, that your Buſineſs is done, and cannot be revoked. Now, though I don't value the Money, yet I hate Wrong and Injuſtice; and therefore you ſhall find, the ſame Power that ſet you up, can throw you down: and becauſe you are a Man of Expedition, I may be inſtrumental in procuring you the happineſs of ſaluting and taking leave of your Office the ſame day——

Subt. O my honeſt Father *Cautious*, I will deal plainly with you, thou and I are both alike in one Quality: We love to get and ſave all we can. Now whereas you demand 1000 *l.* for Service done for me: I do anſwer, That I am well aſſured, that thou didſt never ſpeak one word for me. My whole Buſineſs was done by my Lord *Wiſeman* and Father *Politico*, who had heard of my Deſerts. And where thou doſt threaten me to make me quit my New Preferment, I do threaten thee, That if thou doſt ſo, I will make thee quit *England*, or thy Life. And now begin as ſoon as you pleaſe——

Can. Me quit *England*, or my Life—— Did'ſt hear that, *Jonathan*?

Jon. Yes, Sir, he threatned you, to make you quit *England*, or your Life.

Subt. 'Tis true, I did ſo.

Can. Then, Sir, that implies ſome Plot againſt the Government, and I will have you hang'd by Information. Firſt, by an *Innuendo*, and my Man ſhall be a Witneſs againſt you.

Subt. Then pray let me know your Man's Name.

Jon. My Name is *Jonathan Simper*.

Subt. Thou lieſt, thy Name is *Betty Whiner*, Thou art no Youth, but a Strumpet, by Choice and Education. Do not I remember that Face of thine at the Lady *Fancyfull's* in the Country, ever ſince I plaid at Cards there in the laſt great Froſt? [Jon. *ſneaks, and holds down's Head.*] You ſee, Father, I know the whole Intrigue between you and your Man: And I tell you plainly, that if you offer me any Injury, by your ſelf or any other, I will poſt up more Bills of thy Infamy, than ever Quack did of his Cures; and make thee as lothſome to thy own Party, as thou art already to the reſt of Mankind.

Can. Ha! ha! ha! I ſee you are merrily diſpos'd, and would make me believe my Man is a Woman. Come, we won't quarrel about Trifles——Alas, I don't value Money——[But this Leachery is a plaguy Vice, to coſt a Man a 1000 *l.* at one clap, 'tis a moſt wicked Abomination. [*Aſide.*

Subt. Then if you will promiſe not to invade the Territories of my Purſe, I will conclude a ſtrict Peace and Amity. But, firſt, you muſt ſwear that you will not do me any Injury, directly or indirectly.

Can. Since you will have it ſo, I do ſwear, by all that's Sacred, I will never do it.

Subt. And may I truſt you, upon your *Verbum Sacerdotis*?

Can. You may——My Man *Jonathan* here is Witneſs.

Subt. Man or Woman, 'tis ſufficient.

Can. Ay to deceive you. [*Aſide.*

Politico, Bigot, *and* Turnabout, *advance upon the Stage.* Politico *ſpeaks aloud. They all join Companies.*

Pol. to *Turn.*
Then you ſay the Lady's Name is *Leucaſia*, and that ſhe lodges next door to Mrs. *Counterfeit*, near the *Savoy*.

Turn. So they told me——[But what a Devil makes him to enquire[*Aſide.*

Pol. 'Tis well, very well——Not I care to enquire after Women, who have the Grand Affairs of ſome Nations lying upon my Hands. But becauſe her adventure hither was a little ſingular, I had a mind to ſatisfy my Curiosity.

Turn. And Luſt too I fear. [*Aſide.*

Pol. Go fetch Mrs. *Counterfeit* a Back-way with expedition. [To his Man. *Aſide.* Gentlemen, I have one little Contrivance to communicate to you, for which I deſire the Aſſiſtance of you all, I mean, as to the executive Part, for the Invention is purely and ſolely my own. Our Friend *Mackdonnel* came to me this Morning, and told me a lamentable Story, How ſome of the Heretick Divines did baffle our Emiſſaries at a Publick Coffee-Houſe. Wherefore I conſidering with my ſelf the Caſualties of theſe Spiritual Wars, wherein the Succeſs does not depend upon the Goodneſs of the Cauſe, but the Strength and Management of the Combatants, have found out a certain way to Victory, unleſs you are deficient to your ſelves.

Big. That we will not I aſſure you.

Pol. Look you——thus it muſt be——One of you muſt put on the Habit of an Heretical Clergy-man, and repair to ſome Coffee-Houſe, at ſuch time as 'tis moſt uſually crowded with Company. Then muſt he inſult and brag in ſo high a Tone, as may draw the Eyes and Ears of all the Company that way. Then another muſt put on the Habit of a Mechanick, and ſit there demurely a good while. Then muſt the Mechanick enter into Diſpute with the Gown and Caſſock, the Gown and Caſſock muſt yield, and formally acknowledg his Error.

Big. I will get the part of the Mechanick, and *Mackdonnel* that of the Blockhead in the Gown——He does it naturally.

Pol. No, he muſt not do ſo, if he can Act no other——Feign'd Duncery will do us good, Natural Duncery will be ſure to do us Evil. It is beſt not to make *Mackdonnel* acquainted with it. If *Bigot* ſhall put on the Gown and Caſſock, Father *Cautious* the Carpenter's Rule and Apron, and *Subtleman* ſhall be there to applaud the Victory.

Cau. Aye, but Mr. *Subtleman* has not yet declared himſelf to be of our Side.

Subt. I hope none here do queſtion my readineſs to ſerve you.

Pol. to *Subt.*
Sir, I put you in mind again, That much is expected from you——We have heard much of your good Inclinations——but ſome farther Declaration would be ſeaſonable to your ſelf and others.

Subt. How a Devil ſhall I come off now. If my Invention would but furniſh an Excuſe now——Oh, I have it. [*Aſide.*

Big. Indeed, Mr. *Subtleman*, it is highly reaſonable, that you that have been ſo largely rewarded, ſhould now declare——

Subt. I am ready to do it——But there's one Obſtacle, I have it; A Father that is Rich, Old, Peeviſh, and Decrepit, and he hearing of my good Inclination to your Side, threatens to cut off th' Entail, and ſettle the beſt part of his Eſtate upon ſome Lectures againſt Popery——Now I would gladly know, whether it may not be lawful for me to remove him, provided I ſettle a good part upon Religious Uſes——

[How wretchedly I have bely'd the Man in this Character. [*Aſide.*

Big. A nice Queſtion this.

Subt. What a Rogue is this to make a nice Queſtion of the lawfulneſs of killing a Father. [*Aſide.*

Pol. I will ſend you two or three Caſuiſts in the Afternoon to give you Satisfaction in that——But pray go with all ſpeed about the other buſineſs.

All. You need not queſtion our ſpeed or diligence. adieu. [*Exeunt omnes præter Pol.*

Pol. Well, I muſt enquire after Mrs. *Counterfeit*: for *Leucaſia* ſhe has Wit and Beauty, and I muſt enjoy her, if it can be done with Decency. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Counterfeit *and two Whores.*

Count. Look you Children, I have choſen out you two for the moſt profitable Encounter. Father *Politico* has ſent for me in haſte —— and I can eaſily gueſs his buſineſs; but becauſe you have traded another way, I will give you three Directions how to manage a Prieſt to his Content and Satisfaction. Firſt, You muſt pretend Religion, that you relieve their natural Neceſſities out of pure and fervent Charity, and then you muſt drop your Beads and mutter your Prayers before and after Enjoyment, for about as long a ſpace as a Phanatick is ſaying Grace before and after Meat, that pleaſes mightily. Secondly, You muſt be ſecret, no boaſting of theſe Amours——— Thirdly, You muſt avoid Coineſs, they hate Courtſhip becauſe they can't arrive to it, and had rather pay in Money than in Words—— Obſerve theſe Directions, and Succeſs attends you.

Two Whores. We warrant you we'll learn any Leſſon.

Enter Politico.

Pol. Mrs. *Counterfeit*, you are welcome; but how come theſe Gentlewomen hither.

Count. I thought your Reverence might ſtand in need of their innocent Converſation.

Pol. Phy, phy, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, you exceed your Order —— Pray let them retire —— I have buſineſs of Secrecy with you.

Count. Then pray Daughters be gone.

Two Whores. Yes ——— But 'tis a damn'd bauk this—— [*Exeunt.*

Pol. I hear you know *Leucaſia*, and you may know if you pleaſe that I love her —— I have found by deep Political Obſervations, that ſhe has a great ſtore of Wit, and a great hater of our Religion, and my particular Order——If ever I ſucceed, it muſt be in Diſguiſe of ſome Officer diſcarded for ſticking to the Proteſtant Intereſt——I have drawn up a Model of the Plot——Follow me in ——— And *Manual* ſhall deliver it to you.

Count. Sir, I'le wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENE I.

The Coffee-Houſe.

Gentlemen at ſeveral Tables drinking, and ſmoaking, Bigot *in a Gown and Caſſock at one Table,* Cautious *in a Carpenter's Apron and Rule at another.*

Enter Subtleman *and* Turnabout *and place themſelves at the ſame Table.*

Firſt Gentleman. THere was a brisk Rencounter they ſay this Morning.

Second Gent. Aye, and the Prieſts, they ſay, ſneak'd away very ſhamefully, I wiſh I had been here to have heard it.

Big. Hear it, Sir, that is impoſſible: Alas! at the beſt you could but have ſeen it, for the Fathers have nothing to ſay for themſelves when they meet with a Man that can diſtinguiſh a Pike from a Cannon-bullet.

Subt. Was you then ever ſo much engag'd with them?

Big. O, Sir, extreamly——In the *Indies* I have converted twenty or thirty in a Night, who when they went to Maſs the next Morning would———

Firſt

First Gent. Did they go to Mass then after their Conversion?

Big. There I was almost out indeed. [*Aside.* Aye, they would for once or so, just to take their leave of it, and sometimes one Vagary or other would change their Minds before Morning: but as I was saying, they would look so dejectedly and simply after it the next Morning.

Twin. And do you think, Sir, you could gain as easy a Conquest over them here.

Big. aloud.
O easier behalf——Alas! if any of their Emissaries were here you would see how easily I could manage them; I would so gag their Mouths they should look for ever after like a parcel of *Turkish* Mutes, never dare to converse unless it were by Signs.

First Gent. This must needs be some ignorant Pretender, or some sly Knave.
(*one to another.*)

Cautious comes to the same Table with Bigot, and places himself against him.

Cau. Sir, I have heard you speak many opprobrious things against the Fathers of the Romish Perswasion; and tho I am a poor Mechanick, I hope you will give me leave to say something in Vindication of those of that way.

Second Gent. Now we shall have Sport.

Big. Pray, Mr. *Carpenter* don't you pretend to engage with me; thou art some pitiful Fellow allur'd to that Religion out of hopes of having a job of Journey-Work at the building the next Mass-house——Or thou art in hopes of earning Mony from them by making a few Wooden Gods: O this making Wooden Gods is a most excellent Trade! I'le maintain a Man may get more by half a dozen Wooden Gods, than by a dozen Joynt-stooles or Wooden Dishes——

Cau. I delight not in Scurrility, and am an utter stranger to Learning; but if you will be pleased to hear what I have to say, like a true Carpenter, I will speak according to Rule, and contract what I have to say into a narrow compass.

Big. Gramercy brave Carpenter, thou shalt see how I will hew all thy Arguments into Chips. Come, begin——

Cau. Then the case is this——Do you think your self, your small inconsiderable self, to be wiser than the Council of *Lateran*, *Constance*, *Trent*——consisting of so many grave Prelates met together from all parts of the World? Pray answer that.

Big. Ha! Ha! Ha!——A very fine Question indeed——If your Argument were reduced to Mood and Figure, your *minor* Proposition would be a Foot and half longer than your *major*, which is as absurd a thing as to see a Dagger longer than a Sword.

Gent. How like a Coxcomb this Fellow talks.

Cau. I understand no Mood nor Figure, but I understand by the Figure of your Face that you are in an angry Mood, and will not answer my Question; so that the Victory is on my side.

Big. Why, look you, Sir, your Question divides it self into three parts. 1. Whether I am wise? 2. Wiser. 3. Wisest of all: And first, to the first it must needs be acknowledged that I am wise, yea very wise, and as wise as most of my Profession.

Third Gent. Surely this Coxcomb banters.

Big. But then the second Question is, Whether I am wiser? now wiser being a degree of Comparison, and we having an old Proverb in *England*, that Comparisons are odious, I hope the Company will think me wisest of all, if I leave that Point of the Question undecided. [Sure this is ridiculous enough. [*Aside.*

All Company. Ha! Ha! Ha! How he endeavours to avoid an Answer. } *Bigot looks dejected.*

Cau. Come, answer directly, are you or not?

Big. O, wiser than they——Hum——wiser, I protest I dare not say it——I must not say it——I cannot, I ought not to do it: I must rather yield my self conquer'd.

Third Gent. Did ever Man boast so much, and perform so little? } *All the Company laughs.*

Big. I protest Gentlemen, you ought not to laugh at a Man for being overcome with

the force of Truth, it carries great Power, tho in the Mouth of a meer Mechanick; I muſt, *dare manus*, yield him the Glory of the Conqueſt——I am not able to reſiſt the invincible force of Truth——

Firſt Gent. 'Tis odd to ſee one of his Cloth ſo ſoon baffled by a pitiful Mechanick.

Second Gent. I fear 'tis done by Compact, they are ſo ſoon agreed——

Third Gent. No, I begin to ſuſpect the ſtrength of our Cauſe.

Enter Mack-donnel, *and places himſelf at the Table over againſt* Bigot.

Big. O, Gentlemen, why are you not all converted by my Example! I was juſt now boaſting in my Hereſy, and fondly amorous of my erroneous Opinions: But now a dazling and an amazing Light has darted through the dark Concerns of my Heart by help of this ignorant Mechanick —— Why are you not mov'd more, Gentlemen? Why don't ye throw your ſelves into the chaſt Embraces of your loving Mother? Come, pray, Gentlemen, follow me, and enter in apace, the Door may ſoon be ſhut—— *Bauls aloud.*

Firſt Gent. He talks like a Merry-*Andrew* at *Bartholomew*-Fair.

Second Gent. 'Tis the oddeſt Change that ever I ſaw——

Subt. to *Turn.* If he get into his zealous Rhetorical Strain, he will ſpoil all——

Turn. Who, a Pox, cares whether he does or no.

Big. Come, pray Gentlemen be a little more forward, and accept of my ſtrenuous and vocal Invitation—What none—None at all declare! None here for *Rome*——Who's for *Rome?*—— *Bauls aloud.*

Subt. to *Turn.* I told you he would over-act his part at laſt.

Mack-donnel *riſes up, and takes* Bigot *by the Hand.*

Mack. O my dear Brother *Bigot*, the Deel tauke me if Iſh haud known thee but by thy Voiſh——Why whaut doſh my deare Joy mauke weare of aun Heretick Gown aund Cauſſack for—— But by my ſhoul and Saint *Pautrick*, I ſaw thee this Morning in the Haubite of St. *Dominick*, and now thou doſht look ſo odly in that——

Big. Hold your Peace or I am diſcover'd. [*Aſide* to *Mack.*]

Mack. No, I will not hold my Peace, I will mauk Speech to the Company, and tell them what a Rauſcal thow art to turn Proteſtant Heretick this Afternoon, who wer't a Catholick Prieſt in the Morning——I ſay again, thow waſt a Catholick Prieſt this very Morning by Shaint *Pautrick*, and now thow art turn'd Heretick——Baſhe Heretick, Turncoat Heretick——

Firſt Gent. O, this is a piece of Roguery then——

Can. Nay but *Mack-donnel*——dear *Mack.* doſt not know me, prethee hold thy Tongue.

Mack. Know thee——why thow art Brother *Cautious*, the famouſh *Dominican*, what a Deel maukes thee in Carpenter's Clothes——run away from the Cautholick Church in Diſguiſe, by Shaint *Pautrick*, I will mauke kill upon you both for your Roguery, baſhe Roguery Villains! Dogs.

Takes a Diſh of Coffee and throws in Bigot's *Face, and pulls out* Cautious's *Rule and ſtrikes him on the Pate.*

Turn. Nay, good Friend, no Iriſh Maſſacre here. *Holding* Mack.

Subt. to *Mack.* You cannot ſee your Friends from Prieſts——Prethee be quiet——

Mack. No, I will not, I cannot be quiet——I will maule——maule theſe turncoat Prieſts to death. *Breaks loſe and kicks them about the Room.*

Firſt Gent. O now I ſee the Roguery is come out, they came hither to put a Cheat upon us.

Second Gent. Come let's leave the Knaves to their Devices, this Sham won't take——

Third Gent. We ſhall take care to ſpread the Fame of their Roguery about the City—And ſo farewel. [*Exeunt*, &c.

Can. So Brother *Mack-donnel*, now you done bravely and ruin'd all.

Big. Thou hast marr'd the most glorious Victory in the World—All after-Ages will have cause to curse thee——

Mack. By Shaint *Pautrick* —— I do not know what hurt I have done——I did speak the truth—— and I think I've served you right enough.

Big. Aye, 'tis Truth does ruine us—— This is the first time that I ever found any Mischief in Zeal——Come in, we'l make you sensible of your Error—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Geo. Subt. *follow'd by a Servant.*

Sir *Geo.* This is the oddest Letter that ever I received. Let me see——surely my Senses deceive me. (*Pulls out the Letter and reads.*)

For Sir Geo. Subtleman *at* Kensington, *These.*

Sir,

'YOu may save your Estate and your Life 'into the bargain, if at three of the 'Clock in the Afternoon, on the third Instant 'at the *Savoy* Coffee-house, you will meet

Your unknown Friend.

R. C.

I can't imagine who this *R. C.* should be, I expect to find him a mad Man, a Knave, or a Fool; for I have but one Son, and have no reason to suspect him of any Plot against my Life or Estate——How comes this Letter?

Ser. By a special Messenger.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis strange! but yet I shan't neglect—— Dost thou know where my Niece *Lucasia* lodges?

Ser. 'Tis near this Place——but where I cannot tell.

Sir *Geo.* Go, find it out, and tell her I intend to wait on her.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Enter Cautious, Jonathan *his Man.*

Cau. Art thou sure, *Jonathan*, that is old Sir *Geo. Subtleman.*

Jon. Yes, I am sure. } *As Sir* George *is poring on the Letter.*

Cau. Then will I discover his Son's Intentions to kill him, and so compleat my Revenge on young *Subtleman* for cheating me of my Money, and perhaps get no small Sum from the old Man for this seasonable Information——

Jon. But did you not promise *Subtleman*, that you would not, directly or indirectly, do him an Injury.

Cau. Pshaw, pshaw, 'tis for grave old Men, and not such young Striplings as your self to understand the Obligation of Promises——Let me alone for that.

Advancing to Sir George.

Sir, tho' a Stranger, I make bold to ask you if this Paper be subscribed *R. C?*

Sir *Geo.* Yes, Sir, it is so.

Cau. If so, I must acknowledg my self to be the Author of it; and upon good terms can give you farther information.

Sir *Geo.* Your Information I shall hear most gladly. But before you begin, I will tell you my Character, and that perhaps may save you the labour of proceeding further. I am old, but not infected with the usual Humours of Old Age. I am not credulous, for I believe none (especially Priests) upon their bare word. If you bring no further proof than that, you will lose your Cause in my Court of Justice. I am not timerous, and therefore you may spare all flourishing Aggravations of Danger, for there is no Danger that I dare not meet, or that can seem greater to me than it really is. I am neither stupid or forgetful; therefore if you have sent this Paper, or come your self to impose upon me, you shall find that I have not forgot the faculty of remembring Injuries. I am neither immoderately Covetous, nor dotingly Prodigal. I requite Courtesies moderately in my Lifetime, but shall never (like some old Children) leave an Estate to them that feed me with Sugar-Plums, or buy me Play-things. But I have one Imperfection of old Age, I am very peevish when I hear Impertinencies; which praying you to avoid, I hope you will begin your Story——

Cau.

Cau. Well then——Being mov'd by meer Love and Compaſſion——

Sir *Geo.* Nay, then you muſt give me leave to interrupt you; Do'nt pretend Love or Compaſſion to me; For how a De'l ſhouldſt thou love an old Man and a meer Stranger?——Beſides, if thou art mov'd to do me good, what a Pox do I care what mov'd thee——'Tis all one to me, whether 'tis meer Friendſhip, or thine own Intereſt.

I hate Flattery, that is another of my Qualities.

Cau. My own Intereſt! Why all the World knows I am not Covetous——But——

Sir *Geo.* Nay, now I muſt interrupt you again, and tell you plainly, that all the World does not know that thou art not Covetous; for I my ſelf do believe thou art, what elſe ſhould engage thee to turn Informer? And now I muſt tell thee of another of my Qualities; I hate lying above all things in the World, pray avoid that——

Cau. Well——Seeing that you are not willing that I ſhould clear my ſelf from the vile Aſperſion of Covetouſneſs—I ſhall deſiſt——

Sir *Geo.* From what? Do you not now appear in the Perſon of an Informer? and are you ignorant, that the more you are aſperſed, the better you are qualified for that Office?

Cau. I perceive, Sir, you are very well qualified to loſe all you have, rather than receive a little ſeaſonable Information——And ſo Adieu. [*Going out, Sir* Geo. *pulls him back.*

Sir *Geo.* Nay, remember, Sir, ſince I perceive you begin to avoid the Superfluities and Exereſſencies of Speech, I muſt hear what you have to ſay.

Cau. Then you muſt give me Money in the firſt Place, and an Oath of Secrecy not to diſcover your Author in the Second.

Sir *Geo.* This is ſhort, pithy, and to the purpoſe—Here is Mony in the firſt place—And my Promiſe not to diſcover you in the Second.

Cau. Then the Buſineſs in ſhort is this: Your Son has propos'd a Queſtion to be reſolv'd by the Fathers; Whether he may not lawfully knock you on the Head, 1. As a uſeleſs Perſon. 2. A peeviſh and croſs-grain'd, And, 3. an obſtinate Heretick?——And now I can tell you more——(Tho' I hate Covetouſneſs) if you would give me more Money.

Sir *Geo.* What, give thee Money for a notorious and impudent Forgery? My Son knows me to be ſo far from being uſeleſs, that I do all Buſineſs for him; and Eat, Drink, Dance, Wench for my ſelf into the bargain——I am ſo far from beeing peeviſh, that I can forbear breaking your Head, notwithſtanding this intolerable Provocation: And as for being an obſtinate Heretick, 'tis moſt notoriouſly falſe, for I never did trouble my Head ſo much about Religion as to be one——And now, Sir, I ſhall tell my Son of your Information, for which he will undoubtedly reward you.

Cau. But did you not promiſe Secreſy?

Sir *Geo.* Yes, if yotr ſpoke Truth, but I cannot conceal a Lie——for that is another of my Qualities which I forgot to mention.

Cau. To confute you, follow me, and I will carry you to the very Place, where you ſhall hear your Son propoſe that Queſtion to my ſelf and others——your Reſolution of it?

Sir *Geo.* Gramercy, old Father, now thou ſpeakeſt to the purpoſe: Do that, and I ſhall be grateful.

Cau. That is, you'l give me a Gratification.

Sir *Geo.* Yes, and a good One too——

Cau. That's well——For tho' I hate Covetouſneſs, yet I love a Gratification, it ſhews Honeſty; Come, follow me——

Sir *Geo.* I will——*Exeunt.*

Scene's *Leucaſia*'s Lodgings.

Leucaſia *and* Betty.

Leu. Art ſure the Story of the Coffee-Houſe Encounter is true?

Betty. 'Tis the whole Diſcourſe and Laughter of the Town. Mr. *Turnabout* was one of the Managers.

Leu. Ha! ha! ha! Then I hope the poor Creature will be tir'd at laſt with their Folly, if not with their Wickedneſs——

Enter *Boy.*

Boy. Madam——Mr. *Turnabout* is upon the Stairs, and is very earneſt for Admittance.

Leu. Let him come up——He's no dangerous Man; Beſides, I want Diverſion.

Exit Boy.

Betty. Now, good Madam, Teaſe him.

Enter *Turnabout.*

Turn. Lady, your Servant——You ſee now the force of Love and good Nature——I am come to viſit you, notwithſtanding the ill Character you gave of me to Father *Politico.*

Leu. I vow, Sir, you condeſcend too much—and make your Viſits with too great an Equipage. My Lodgings here are ſmall, and cannot receive your numerous Train of Pages, Footmen, and other Attendance. The Street I live in is too narrow, and will be encumbred with your Coach and Six——ſo that you muſt not in prudence let your Viſits be long, for which I'm exceeding ſorry.

Turn. Don't let that, Madam, grieve or concern you; I come attended with one only Page, his Name is *Cupid*, he keeps cloſe to me Day and Night, and is extreamly watchful—I hope your Ladyſhip will not turn him down among the Servants in the Hall, but admit him a little nearer to your Boſom.

Leu. If you have a *Cupid*, 'tis certainly the oddeſt that ever was known. He is not only Blind, but Inviſible, for let me die if I can ſee any thing like a *Cupid* about you: You have the ſame Face, the ſame Eyes, the ſame Noſe (abating a little alteration) that you ever had, and which I often told you that I never lik'd. Nay, on my Conſcience, thou haſt the ſame Hat, the ſame Sword, and the ſame Breeches. I fancy thou haſt changed nothing for theſe three Years but thy Religion, and a few Braſs Half-Crowns, and crack'd Nine-pences.

Turn. My *Cupid*, Madam, is never the weaker for being Inviſible. All Philoſophers agree, that there are occult Qualities in Love, as well as in Nature, that can attract Hearts of Steel or Iron, by an Inviſible Chain. It is enough for me that I know you love me, by the care you have taken for my Re-converſion.

Leu. You build a greater Superſtructure upon that, than the Foundation is able to bear. I wonder how you can think a Woman ſhould love a Man the better for his being altered for the worſe. Your Complexion ſeems to me to be pale and ſickly; I fancy you frequent Coffee-Houſes to aſſiſt the Fathers in the laborious propagation of Non-ſenſe. But, let me adviſe you to forbear Coffee, 'twill deſtroy much of the Luſtre that is borrowed from the beneficial influence of Claret.

Turn. How the Devil came ſhe to hear that? [*Aſide.*

Madam, if I am pale, as you ſay, I am pale with Love; and though you often upbraid me with changing, yet I am ſure you can't ſay that ever I chang'd that. Pray, Madam, for once, make trial of my Conſtancy in a Matrimonial way——So you ſhall ſee how patiently I will wear that Chain, without one thought of changing.

Leu. The Experiment is too coſtly for me to make, I am not like thoſe Vertuoſo's that expend ready Mony, in hopes of extracting Gold out of Pewter-Diſhes——Beſides, you pretend to me to be in Love; yet I have one infallible Demonſtration that you are not ſo; for if you were, you could not chuſe but obtain your Deſires, you that are ſo intimate with the famous *Politico*, that has a thouſand Plots and Intrigues in his Head, great and ſmall, of all ſorts and ſizes, for Men and for Women, and (as ſome ſay) for Children too. Methinks he might eaſily teach you a way to circumvent ſuch a weak Woman as I am: He could inſtruct you how to put on ſuch Diſguiſes, that you and Father *Bigot*, and Father *Cautious* might gain half the Women in the Nation, eſpecially if the ingenious *Mackdonnel* have an hand in the Plot.

Turn.

Turn. Good Madam, tell me no more of Plotting, I hate Plotting above all things, and that makes me to frequent Plays: My Buſineſs is plain Love—I have nothing to do with Plotting.

Leu. And I muſt tell you, for your further encouragement, that I can never love a Man of your Perſuation.

Turn. Alas, Madam, if that be all, I am of no Perſuaſion at all but your Ladyſhips, for you perſuade me—— to any thing: Cannot a Man frequent Maſs, or cokes the Fathers for a little Mony to enable him to keep his Coach and Six——but preſently you muſt think that he is of their Perſuaſion——I vow, Madam, you are too credulous in all things, but in believing that I love you.

Leu. I ſhall avoid that Imputation for the future, but never give credit to any thing you ſay hereafter: For ſince you tell me you diſſemble in other Things, how ſhall I believe you in that.

Turn. O, you may know that by a kind of natural Inſtinct, and by this general Rule, That I never diſſemble but when it is for my Intereſt——

Leu. And therefore if it be your Intereſt to love me, it will be your Intereſt to diſſemble with me——But to wave that, I wonder what expectation you can have from that deſigning Gang, that make it their Buſineſs to deceive you and all Mankind——

Turn. I muſt confeſs at firſt, whilſt they thought me a Man of a good Eſtate, and over-run with the ſimplicity of Superſtition, I could get nothing from them but Exhortations, to ſettle my Land upon the Church; to turn Mendicant, or undertake expenſive Employments for the good of the Catholick Cauſe. But after your Ladyſhip did give *Politico* an account of my Deſigns and Endowments, they treated me with all the Kindneſs Imaginable.——They promiſe Mountains of Gold, and tell me, it ſhall not be long before I ride in my Coach and Six——

Leu. But ſuppoſe you ſhould find your Coach and Six——to be ſuddenly tranſform'd to a Cart and four——by a certain unlucky Spell of Queen *B.* would it not amaze you?

Turn. Pſhaw, pſhaw, never fear that; if I can eſcape dying by Love, I fear no other Death.

Enter *Boy.*

Boy. Madam, here is a Gentlewoman with a Patch on her Noſe, and a great Beadrol in her Hand, that would gladly have admittance.

Leu. I warrant 'tis that Beaſt of a Woman, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, that ambitious Animal, 'twixt Bawd and Whore: That Spiritual Caterer for the Fleſh, that provides the Neceſſaries of Nature for the Fathers with great Zeal and Devotion.—'Tis a Load of Scandal, I will not ſee her.

Turn. If you do not, I fancy ſhe manages ſome private Intrigue with you——Come, Madam, you muſt ſee her, I would fain know her Buſineſs.

Leu. Then you muſt ſtay here to take off the Scandal of the Company——She is the only Perſon in the World that I know more ſcandalous than your ſelf.

Turn. I dare not ſtay, for ſhe lately ſerv'd me a damn'd Jade's Trick, and I fear my Paſſion ſhould make me tranſgreſs the Rules of Decency in a Lady's Chamber——

Leu. Then retire into the Cloſet, and there you may over-hear our Diſcourſe, and be a Witneſs that I hold no correſpondence with you or yours.

Turn. With all my Heart—But pray place Mrs. *Counterfeit*'s Chair very near the Cloſet Door. *Exit.*

Leu. Well, it ſhall——Bid her come up, Boy. *Exit* Boy.

Betty. Now we ſhall have an Intrigue——

Enter Mrs. Counterfeit.

Mrs. *Count.* O Neighbour——Dear Neighbour

hour——ſweet innocent Neighbour, why art thou ſo unkind, as to live ſo near and never come to ſee me.

Leu. You have ſo many Ladies fitter for Converſation in your Houſe, that I believe one of the other Sex would be more acceptable if it were only for Variety's ſake.

Count. I proteſt, Madam, you are miſtaken; not but that an abundance of the moſt religious Ladies in the City do pride themſelves in my Acquaintance, but none to compare with your ſelf for Wit and Beauty. I proteſt, Deareſt, I was in ſome Company, that talk'd ſo well of thee to day——But there was one Story did a little vex me.

Leu. Nay, if you have a Story to tell, you had beſt ſit down.

[*Chairs there, one next that Cloſet-door.*]

Betty to *Count.* Pleaſe you to ſit there, Madam.

Count. Then I will tell thee, Deareſt, they ſay thou art in love with Mr. *Turnabout*, a Man of no Parts, Addreſs or Fortune——I proteſt I wonder that a Lady of your excellent Perfections ſhould think of throwing away your ſelf upon a Perſon that is never likely to make any Figure in the World.

Turn. What's that, Ha! what's that?

Turnabout *comes out, and ſtands liſtening behind her Chair.*

Leu. I thought he had been the moſt likely of any—He boaſts much of his Friendſhip with *Politico*, *Bigot*, *Cautious*, and others——I thought he might have been one of the greateſt Men in the Nation.

Count. Aye, he may boaſt as long as he pleaſes, but I can aſſure you he has little reaſon; I know the Minds of the Fathers better than he does, and I heard them ſay this very Morning, that they never intended to do any thing for him.

Turn. How's that——how——damn'd Whore. [*Aſide.*

Leu. What, nothing at all?

Count. I beg your Pardon, Madam, ſomething they may do, perhaps get him to be a Serjeant in a Foot Regiment, which they foreſee will ſhortly be diſbanded, and then you may ſee him ſent home with one Shoe on his Foot, and a piece of another in his Snap-ſack — Or if he had rather chuſe Civil than Military, they may make him Alderman of ſome Corporation where they fetch Straw, and the Mayor thatches.

Leu. Ha, ha, ha, is that all?

Turnabout *takes hold of her Chair and pulls her backwards, and giving her a box o'th Ear, runs back into the Cloſet.*

Turn. O damn'd Whore, come hither to ſpoil my Fortune!

Count. O, Murther! Murther! I am come here to a Friend's Houſe to be murthered!

Leu. No, good Mrs. *Counterfeit*, I hope there's no hurt yet; here, *Betty*, help her up. [*Lifts her up.*]

Count. Was ever an Indignity of this groſs nature put upon a Lady in her Friend's Houſe?

Betty. You muſt not, Madam, impute this to my Lady, we have a Servant in the Houſe, the Fathers have caus'd to run mad, by puzling his Head with Controverſy, and promiſing to make him Mayor of a regulated Corporation; and whenever he hears talk of Mayor or Aldermen, he is always ready to do Miſchief——

Count. Well, I proteſt, he has diſorder'd — He ought to be puniſh'd ſeverely for it——

Leu. Mad Men and Fools have Priviledges of farther extent than the greateſt Princes: we cannot be angry at them without becoming like unto them; but I hope you'l paſs it by ſince you have not much harm.

Count. Well, ſince it is ſo, I muſt bear it: But as I was ſaying before, my dear Neighbour, there is a Perſon of Quality lately fallen in love with you — Well, I'le ſay no more, — but for Riches, Beauty, Wit, Bravery and every thing that is charming, perhaps all *England* has not his Fellow; only he has one one fault, for which I needs muſt hate him.

Leu. And perhaps that one fault will outballance all his other Vertues: if you would recommend a Man to me, let me know his Faults firſt, and I will ſoon find out his Vertues after. Men expoſe their Excellencies, like rich Furniture, to the Eyes of all Beholders, when their Defects, like Lumber, is thrown into dark Corners where it is hard to find them.

Count. O, but this is a fault expoſed to the Eyes of the World, and I am forbid by the Principles of my Religion to intercede for him.

Leu. It muſt needs then be ſome Filthineſs that ought not to be named; you had beſt let it alone and paſs to ſome other Subject.

Count. No, I proteſt I will not; but I'le tell you plainly what it is. He is ſuch an obſtinate Heretick, and ſuch a Slave to his pretended Honour, that rather than comply with ſome reaſonable Demands, he has quitted one of the moſt conſiderable Military Employments in the Army.

Leu. That is hard indeed.

Count. And the truth is, he has brought that Miſchief upon his own Head by affronting the famous *Politico* and *Bigot*, he was always ſatyrical againſt them, but they at length reſolv'd to chaſtiſe him——And does not your Ladiſhip now abhor him for this?

Leu. So far from that, that I aſſure you I honour all thoſe worthy Patriots that fall by the hands of thoſe inſatiable Canibals; and I wiſh it lay in my Power to redreſs any part of his Lordſhip's Sufferings: I perceive you miſtake me for a Catholick, I am of a contrary Perſwaſion.

Count. I proteſt I did not know it — well then you are the only Perſon in the World that can relieve his Melancholy, one glance of yours would turn his Night into Day: He is in Town *Incognito*, ſighing always for you, and repeating the ſweet Name of *Leucaſia*: O dear Madam, that you would but afford him the Conſolation of a Viſit.

Leu. I am always a Friend to the Reſolute and Brave as far as it conſiſts with the Rules of my Honour. Pray what is his Name?

Count. Let his Name be conceal'd for the preſent, when you come to know it you will be amaz'd.

Leu. That's ſtrange —— Then I preſume he is aſham'd of the Amour below him.

Count. Not ſo, but there are particular Reaſons for it; but I proteſt, Madam, he is a Man of unbounded Wealth and Generoſity; here are ſome Jewels of his meer trifles in reſpect of his Riches, which he deſires you to accept of.

Leu. Sure his Lordſhip thinks me very Mercenary —— I am not uſed to receive ſuch Offers. [*Angry.*]

Betty. Pray, Madam, accept of them, I will give you a good Reaſon for it by the by. [*Aſide* to *Leu.*]

Leu. Thou art very impertinent——But for once I'le take thy Counſel. [*Aſide* to *Betty.*]

Count. Nay deareſt, prethee be not angry, he thought them Curioſities your Ladyſhip might affect——Prethee be ſo kind as to accept of them.

Leu.

Leu. Tho I am not ignorant that hereby I ſhall tranſgreſs the Rules of Decency; yet becauſe his Lordſhip is a Sufferer for the Cauſe I love, and perſecuted by the Perſons I hate, I can deny him nothing——Pray let me ſee 'em.

Count. And you will permit him to tell you his Sufferings.

Leu. 'Tis a thing too ſmall to deny a Perſon of his worth.

[*She and* Betty *looking on the Jewels.*

Count. This Plot of *Politico*'s does take to Admiration. (*Whiſpers* Leu.) the hour 5.

Leu. Yes.

Count. Then my deareſt Neighbour adieu. [*She riſes.*]

Now I ſhall move nimbly tho my Bones are ſore bruiſed. [*Aſide.*

But pray Neighbour, let me ſee you ſometimes at my Houſe, I have there a Set of as civil devout Gentlewomen as ever *Europe* bred——But pray don't come at our hours of Prayer——we have Prayers five times a day ——After that we take all Liberty imaginable——

Leu. I believe you.

Count. Your Servant ſweet Lady.

[*Exit curteſying.*

Leucaſia *calls* Turnabout *out of the Cloſet.*

Leu. (*Laughing.*) Here Mr. *Turnabout*, Serjeant, Mayor, Alderman —— What are you? why don't you ſlip out of your Hole for Joy to hear ſuch good News from Mrs. *Counterfeit*.

Enter Turnabout.

Turn. And methinks, Madam, you might run into yours for ſhame, to receive Gifts from, and promiſe Aſſignations to caſhiered Lords and Barons.

Leu. Then, I warrant, you pretend to be jealous, and with a deſign too of making me believe that you are in Love; but that is too common a Sham to impoſe upon one that is not very proud of her own Perfections. Alas! if you ſhould marry me, you muſt expect ten times more than this.

Turn. I do believe it, Madam —— Farewel. [*He's going.*]

Leu. Nay, ſtay a little, I have ſomething to ſay to you.

Turn. After the Spark has been here, I am ready to hear. [*Exit.*

Leu to *Betty.*

So, now I ſee what it is to take the Advice of Chamber-Maids —— You counſelled me to take the Jewels, and now the jealous Mr. *Turnabout* will make a fine Story of it about Town.

Betty. Your Fame is ſo great, and your Innocence greater, that you may well deſpiſe thoſe Cenſures that are dreadful only to the Guilty——But, Madam, I had good Reaſon for my Advice; for I fancy the great Proteſtant Commander is no other than the famous *Politico* that intends to make love in that Diſguiſe.

Leu. On my Conſcience a ſhrewd gueſs! But, prethee, what are thy Reaſons for it?

Betty. Why, firſt, your Ladyſhip told me, that he gloated upon you with luſtful Eyes.

Leu. 'Tis true, I did obſerve it.

Betty. Then you know that Mrs. *Counterfeit* does deal for no other kind of Cattel.

Leu. 'Tis true, ſhe trades with no other.

Betty. Then whereas ſhe pretends, that he is a great Proteſtant Commander lately caſhiered, it is impoſſible——The publick News gives an Account of no ſuch Perſon—it muſt needs be a Fiction.

Leu. That's well obſerv'd.

Betty.

Betty. Then she conceals the Name, and yet can give no reason for it.

Leu. All this is true.

Betty. Now if your Ladyship would let me see the Jewels, I could discover more from them.

Leu. Prithee see them as long as thou wilt. [*Shews 'em.*

Betty. By heavens the very same!—— A Servant of *Politico's* shew'd some of these very Jewels in a Scrittore of his, by chance left open.

Leu. 'Tis beyond doubt; and I am as glad of it, as if he had given me half the *Indies*. If I catch him in the Trap, I shall serve him as I use to do Vermin, make him leave a Limb behind him.—— But I will first take a little fresh Air, to quicken my Invention. Do thou stay at home; my Unkle Sir *George* desir'd the use of my Apartment this afternoon, for the entertainment of some Friends, but I know not what matter of concernment. Pray see my Servants let them want no attendance. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir George Subtleman, Cautious, *Servant to* Leucasia, *and* Jon. Simper.

Sir Geo. *to Serv.* Is my Niece gone out then?

Serv. Just taken Coath, Sir; and left word, That you and your friends should be entertain'd in this Apartment.

Sir George. 'Twas kindly done. —— *To Serv.* You may retire. You see, Mr. *Cautious*, here is a Room for the Consultation, here a Closet for me to over-hear in. —— You say, It is in your Power to bring them where soe'r you please; if I find your allegations against my Son to be true, I have Writings ready to convey the best part of my Estate to my Niece, and a Thousand pound Bond ready to seal to your self: but if false, you may easily guess the consequence.

Cau. Ay, One dreadful consequence would be, That I should get no money.

Sir Geo. That's true.

Cau. Well, retire into the Closet; be patient, and give me leave, according to my custom, to vote with the major part, and I shall convince you.

Sir Geo. I am ready to make trial.

[*Retires into the Closet, and locks the door.*

Cau. Go, *Jonathan*, tell the Gentlemen walking by the Water-side, that I am ready to attend them.

Jon. I shall, Sir. [*Exit* Jon.

Cau. Now is not this better, to mind my own private Concerns, and get 1000 *l.* than to mind the Publick, and get nothing but a rap over the head with a Carpenter's Rule, or a kick on the breech, as I lately receiv'd from *Mackdonnel?* This Notion of *Publick Good* is a meer Chimæra, fram'd by those men that love to do great things to no purpose.—— For my part, I can perceive nothing real in it.——

Enter Subtleman, *Father* Bigot, *three Casuists in black*, Jonathan Simper.

Cau. Gentlemen, ye are welcome to the Apartment I have chosen as most convenient.—— A Table here, and Stools.

[*They are brought, they sit round the Table.*

Mr. *Subtleman*, propound your Case.—— These Gentlemen have studied Casuistical Divinity at St. *Omers*, and can soon resolve you.

Subt. Then thus it is:—— A young Gentleman, willing to turn Catholick, is hindred by a Father that is useless, old, peevish, rich, heretical.—— *Quære*, Whether in this Case it may not be lawful for the young Son to remove by violent courses the ancient Father?

Sir George *within.* Oh Rogue! Rascal! Villain!

Big. Gentlemen, I will open the particular Case of young Mr. *Subtleman* thus:—— In all moral actions, we must consider the Good and Evil that attend them, and cautiously consider which does outweigh the other: Let us apply then this Rule to our present Case, and see what Good and what Evil is likely to ensue the removal of this ancient Gentleman.

All. A good method.

Big. As for the good, that is great and Visible: For, first, hereupon a young Gentleman of known Parts and Integrity will immediately declare for the Catholick

Church ;—— which I eſteem to be worth to the Publick at leaſt 1000 *l.*—Then here's an Eſtate of 4000 *l. per annum* plac'd in the hands of one that will beſtow it upon Religious Uſes:—Valuing which but at twelve years purchaſe, amounts to 48000 *l.*—Then here are Lectures againſt Popery prevented, (for the old Gentleman has threatned to ſettle part of his Eſtate for that uſe), the avoiding which, I ſuppoſe, may be valued at 2000 *l.* more.—— This amounts in all to 50000 *l.*

All. An exact computation.

Big. Now let us take a brief view of the Evil or Miſchief in this action.—— Firſt, here is a Gentleman removed out of the way, that was likely to enjoy an Eſtate of 4000 *l. per annum* for about three years, and that is worth 12000 *l.* But becauſe he is decrepit, and cannot have the free uſe of Women, Wine, and other Diverſions, the moſt it can amount to is 1000 *l.*

Sir Geo. *from within.* The Rogue belies me, I can uſe them as well as he.

Big. Then here are ſome innocent Relations wrong'd of ſome trifling Legacies ;—— which we will eſteem, tho dearly, at 3000 *l.* Then there is the Charges of getting the work done, which in *Italy* I ſhould value but at Half-a-Crown : but ſuch Villains being dearer here than in Catholick Countries, it may coſt 20 *l.* The Penances for expiation of the Crime I value at 100 *l.* tho there were good times when ſuch things might be done cheaper.—So that the whole damage of ſuch an action amounts but to 5200 *l.* and what proportion does that bear to 50000 *l.*?

1 *Caſ.* My Brother ſpeaks well, but not all that may be ſaid on this Subject:—— For in Murther two things are to be conſidered ; 1. the Act of killing, and 2. the Intention. Now it is plain that the Immorality of Murther does not conſiſt in meer killing, for then every Executioner or Soldier would be guilty of Murther: but it is the evil malicious intention of the mind that is all in all. Now if Mr. *Subtleman* bear no malice to his Father, but does that Work in a ſpirit of love and Charity for the good of the Catholick Cauſe, there can be no evil in it ; provided he gives all the Eſtate that accrues thereby, to the Church, to ſhew that therein he was not acted by a ſpirit of Covetouſneſs.

Subt. What an unconſcionable Fellow is this! Could not one half ſerve his turn?

[*Aſide.*

2 *Caſ.* My Brother ſpeaks well, but I muſt add this :—— That as to kill a man (yea a Parent) with a charitable intention is certainly lawful ; ſo to kill an Heretick, an inveterate obſtinate Heretick, is more than lawful, it is highly meritorious: They are condemn'd by the Laws Eccleſiaſtical and Civil, and any man may be their Executioner.

3 *Caſ.* What my Reverend Brethren have ſaid in this Caſe, is undoubtedly true ; but, for the Gentleman's ſatisfaction, I will prove the lawfulneſs of the Fact by an infallible Demonſtration.—— Suppoſe it thus :—— Young Mr. *Subtleman* takes up an Hammer, and knocks out the Brains of his aged Parent :—— *Quære*, If this Action be in it ſelf unlawful?—I anſwer, No ;—— For if there be no unlawfulneſs in any part of this Action, then there is none in the whole.—— But there is no unlawfulneſs either in taking up the Hammer, or lifting the Hammer, or letting down the Hammer ; *Ergo*, There is none in knocking out the old man's Brains.

Subt. This fellow is more Dunce than Villain.

[*Aſide.*

Big. But what ſay you to the point, Brother *Cautious?*

Cau. Why look ye, Brethren, ye have left me little to ſay, but only this:——If there be any evil in ſuch a Murther, it conſiſts in the Injury that is done to the murdered perſon ; and an Injury, is ſome part of Injuſtice done to man againſt his will, (*Volenti non fit injuria*) ; If therefore there could be a way found to ſend the Gentleman into another world with his own conſent, there could be no ſcruple in it.

1 *Caſ.* Then the beſt way is to knock out's Brains with 100 *l.* Bag.—— If he be a truly covetous man, he can never think that money can do him any harm.

2 *Caſ.* Or pour down his Throat a ſpoonful of melted Gold, when he ſleeps with his mouth open.

3 *Caſ.* Or diſpatch him with a good Doſe of Quickſilver, he muſt needs have a veneration for That; it is the Mother of Gold, and all other Metals.

Subt. What a pleaſant Story this will be to tell the old man! [*Aſide.*

Enter Sir George *from the Cloſet, with two Papers in his hand; They all ſtart, and are amaz'd.*

Sir Geo. Gentlemen, I underſtand that I am a dying man, and therefore I beſeech ye all to be witneſſes to my laſt Will and Teſtament.

Subt. My Father! what curſed luck brought him hither? If he o'r-heard our diſcourſe, he will think that I was in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Come, pray Gentlemen be Witneſſes to my Will; 'tis ſoon done, and human life is uncertain.

Subt. My honoured Father, what good Genius brought you hither!

Sir Geo. O thou beſt of Sons! I am glad to ſee thee in ſo good company.

[*Goes to ſalute them, they are ſneaking away.* Nay pray Gentlemen ſtay. — I have ſtrange preſages of my Death, and fear it will be ſudden. — I have given 40 *s.* to my only Son, — So much Vertue ſhould not go unrewarded. — The reſt of my Eſtate ſhall be given to my virtuous Niece, *Leucaſia.* — Pray ſtay and ſeal preſently, for I have a great many Money-bags, and do often ſleep with my mouth open.

1 *Caſ.* Sir, we cannot ſtay.

2 *Caſ.* Sir, you muſt excuſe us, we have buſineſs.

3 *Caſ.* Here are witneſſes enough beſide us. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[Bigot *is going out, but is ſtopt by Sir* Geo.

Sir Geo. Nay, Sir, you ſhall ſtay, and be witneſs with my Son to a Bond. — A Candle here.

[*A Candle brought; the Bond ſeal'd, and given to* Cautious.

Subt. But pray Sir hear me.

Sir Geo. Good Son, avoid impertinencies. What needſt thou ſpeak, when the thing is done?

Subt. But one word.

Sir Geo. There is never a word in the world that can make to thy purpoſe. — I heard enough.

Subt. But, Sir, you are miſtaken in me.

Sir Geo. But, Son, you are miſtaken in me — I know how to keep out of your Clutches.

Subt. But by all that's good and ſacred! —

Sir Geo. That is, by juſt nothing. — How canſt thou think any thing good or ſacred, that couldſt deſign and contrive the Death of a Parent?

Subt. You cannot think ſo.

Sir Geo. Yes, Son, I can, muſt, and will think ſo.

Big. But pray, Sir, conſider his motive was Zeal, pure, flaming Zeal. — I ſay you ſhould excuſe it.

Cau. Mr. *Subtleman*, I am ſorry for your misfortune, but cannot relieve you.

Sir Geo. I wiſh you much joy of living by your Wits. [*Exeunt all but young* Subt.

[Cau. *drops a Paper.*

Subt. Hell! Death! and Confuſion! — What a damn'd Præmunire have theſe Rogues, Prieſts and Caſuiſts brought me into! — I am betray'd, elſe it is impoſſible my Father ſhould be in *Leucaſia*'s Cloſet. — But the Traytor I know not. — But ſtay, here's a Paper, I'll read it.

[*Takes up the Paper, and reads.*

The Condition of this Obligation is ſuch, That if the above-bounden Sir George Subtleman, *Knight and Baronet, do pay, or cauſe to be paid to* Robert Cautious, *&c. the Sum of* 1000 l. *in conſideration of the diſcovery of his Son's Villany, &c. Then this Obligation, &c.*

So then 'tis out — The revengeful, covetous Dog, *Cautious*, has done me this Injury, tho contrary to his Oath: But by heavens I ſhall make him and his Punk in man's Cloaths pay dearly for it. And yet it is no wonder; for

He that a Secret to a Prieſt does truſt,
Or is ſo fooliſh as to hope him Juſt.

May he become Partaker of my Fate,
And ſee his Error when it is too late. [*Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Cautious, Jon. Simper *crying, and Servant to* Leucaſia.

Cau. to Serv. IF your Lady be at leiſure, preſent her with this Paper from her Unkle, Sir *George Subtleman*; and tell her, I have a farther meſſage by word of mouth.

Serv. My Lady will wait upon you preſently. [*Exit.*

Cau. Nay, it is vain to cry, for part we muſt. —— Young *Subtleman* knows your Sex, and will divulge that ſecret as confidently as *Grubſtreet*-News, and as ſpeedily as a falſe Alarm.

Jon. And can you be ſo cruel as to thruſt me from you, who have been ſo faithful? Did you not often tell me, That ſimple Fornication was no Sin, and ſometimes a Duty? Did not you cite many of your moſt famous Authors, to prove that it was an Act of Charity, pure and flaming Charity, to relieve the natural Neceſſities of a languiſhing Brother, excluded from the Joys of Matrimony? Did you not make me believe all this? elſe I had been pure and innocent. [*Cries.*

Cau. I cannot deny, but that ſeveral of our Caſuiſtical Authors are, as I told you, of that Opinion; but it has ſince been condemned as a ſcandalous Truth, not fit to be divulg'd, eſpecially in an heretical Country, where the major part are of another Opinion.

Jon. How often have you call'd me your Spiritual Siſter, and told me that that Relation was ſtronger than a Matrimonial Obligation? How often have you made me believe that you had a Papal Diſpenſation to enjoy me with ſafety for ever? —— And muſt I now be turn'd away, withou money to provide the neceſſaries of nature?

Cau. Pray talk not of money, you know that I am poor, and have none.

Jon. What have I done to deſerve this uſage from you? Have I not been ſilent, to gratifie your curs'd Hypocriſie? Have I not quietly laid down two great Bellies in the Country, without ſo much as crying out, even in Labour? Did not I ſave the lives of both the Babes, becauſe they were like thee, ungrateful man! when you and the Catholick Midwife would have had them both diſpatch'd?

Cau. To ſave the credit of an Order, I preſume, ſome ſuch thing might be done; tho, I confeſs, it is better to let it alone, if it can be let alone without ſo much charge.

Jon. Have not I been as ſilent as a *Turkiſh* Mute, or as *Epicæne* in the *Silent Woman*, leſt my Voice ſhould betray my Sex; and what greater torment can a Woman ſuffer than ſilence? tho ſometimes your wanton dalliances with other Women might provoke even a ſtone to ſpeak; —— eſpecially one that has lov'd you as I always did. [*Cries.*

Cau. But, notwithſtanding your ſilence, your Sex is now known to young *Subtleman*; and if he be once enrag'd, as I fear he will be, he will make my diſgrace intollerable: I have already loſt 1000 *l.* would you have me to loſe all?

Jon. Come, if the truth were known, you have little reaſon to upbraid me with loſing 1000 *l.* I have ſav'd you more than that: Other men that keep Miſſes, are forc'd to expend the beſt part of their Eſtates in Cloaths, Pages, Coaches, Footmen, and a thouſand ſuch devices; but you have kept me in the habit of a poor Serving-man, and bought my Cloaths in *Long-lane*, as you ſay, to prevent ſuſpicion, but as I believe, to ſave charges. If Mr. *Subtleman* does know my Sex, it is no fault of mine; he remembers ever ſince he plaid at Lancteraloo at my Lady *Fanciful*'s; for I had a face then might be remembred, but now ——

Cau. Ay now, indeed, it is time to repent, we have enjoy'd our pleaſure a long time. She is naturally well inclin'd, this may work on her. [*Aſide.*

Jon. Ay 'tis time to repent; but I can tell you a great many things you ought to repent of

of before this.— How often have you turn'd away poor honeſt Catholicks from employment of Truſt and Profit, to make room for Atheiſts and Hereticks, becauſe they had more money and leſs honeſty!

Cau. Pray be leſs obſtreporous, and remember you are in *Leucaſia*'s Lodgings.

Jon How often have you given promiſe of the ſame place to ten ſeveral perſons, and employ'd your Intereſt at Court for none!— Do you think I have forgot theſe things?

Cau. Nay, now you will never have done. I ſay; Remember again that you are in the Lady *Leucaſia*'s Lodgings.

Jon. Nay, how ſhould I ever have done, when I remember how often you have made me forſwear my ſelf? As in the caſe of the Gentleman laſt night, who promis'd you 80 Guinea's for a kindneſs, and you made me ſwear it was 100.

Cau. And pray what did you loſe by that? did not I give you five Guinea's for your Reward?

Jon. Ay, but ſince you talk of repenting, why don't you repent of theſe things? Come, come, you may be aſham'd to uſe me thus. If *Politico* deals no better with his Ladies, ask Mrs. *Count.*

Enter Betty.

Betty. Sir You're dogg'd from your Lodgings hither, and the Houſe is beſet by Sir *George Subtleman*, his Son, Father *Bigot Mackdonnel*, with Conſtables and Watch.—— They have loſt a golden Chalice, and young Mr. *Subtleman* affirms he ſaw ſomething very bulky in your man's boſom, and they are reſolv'd to ſearch him very narrowly: my Lady gives them full leave, without the leaſt reſentment, and they are now upon the ſtairs.

Cau. Bid 'em come up if they dare.

Betty. I will. [*Exit.*

Cau. Death and Confuſion! This is a Plot of young *Subtleman*'s to procure my diſgrace and ruin: I muſt prevent him.

[Simper *ſtands with a Handkerchief before her face.*

[*Kneeling.*]

My deareſt *Betty*, by all that's good and ſacred;
By our paſt Loves, and by our future Hopes;
By thoſe two Pledges of our eager Loves, *Jews*
That lie ſo round in native Innocence,
Do not betray me to my deadly Foe,
But ſtep into this Cloſet.
Here's the Key, I'll lock the door, and ſtifly will maintain you're run away.—— By heavens don't deny me.

Jon. For once I will not, tho you don't deſerve that uſage from my hands.—— But I am tender. [*She goes into the Cloſet, he locks her in.*

Cau. The work is done, 'tis words muſt do the reſt; And thoſe ſhall not be wanting.

Enter Sir George, *young* Subtleman, Leucaſia, Betty, Bigot, Mackdonnel, *Conſtable and Watch.*

Subt. I can aſſure you, I ſaw Father *Cautious*'s Man come from that place, and ſomething of a large bulk ſeem'd to be in his boſom, which I believe might be the golden Chalice you have loſt.—— Pray ſearch for it there, and for the other Ornaments you have loſt.

Conſt. Well, let me alone to ſearch him.— I'll find it, tho he pull his ſkin over it.

Big. O monſtrum horrendum! Pray, Gentlemen, give me leave a little to expatiate upon the Subject; and leſt I ſhould be tedious to ſo worthy an Aſſembly, I will contract my whole Diſcourſe into theſe twenty general Heads, with their reſpective Branches——

Sir Geo. Good Father *Bigot*, omit thoſe twenty general Heads, and let the Fact be proved firſt, and then you may take time to prove the heinouſneſs of the Crimes afterwards.—— It is uncertain whether Father *Cautious* has ſtoln the things or no.——

Big. It is uncertain! But what if it be proved, firſt, That I am a Man, and that Man is a Chriſtian, and that Chriſtian a Catholick, and that Catholick one of good Education, and that Education in the houſe of a Prieſt, and that Prieſt an heavenly devout perſon: I ſay, To conſider that ſuch a Man ſhould be guilty of ſuch a Crime, it fills my mind with admiration!

Sir Geo. And it fills your mouth with Nonſence, pure, copious Nonſence. If the

Chalice

Chalice were mine, and as big as a Mountain, I would rather chuſe voluntarily to loſe it, than to hear a long Oration in diſpraiſe of Thievery.—— As if words could make it worſe than really it is: If this Fellow has ſtoln the Chalice, he's a Rogue and a Thief; if not, we are fools to ſuſpect him.— Now that's to the purpoſe.

Subt. We ſhall ſoon be reſolv'd.—— If you find none of the Goods in his Boſom, pray, to be ſure, ſearch his Breeches.

Leu. Uſe all freedom imaginable in my Lodgings,—I would not have them a Sanctuary for any ſort of Rogues, either Temporal or Spiritual.

Mack. Ay, but if the Villain has melted down the golden Chalice into ſilver Spoons and Thimbles, how a Deel ſhall we know it again?

Conſt. O, well enough, there's a Mark upon't.

Mack. Deel tauk me, I ne're tought of dat; dere is a Mark upon it, and let him melt it down as ſoon as he pleaſe, we ſhall know it by de Mark.

Subt. to *Betty.* Did not you ſay that *Cautious* and his Man were in this Room?

Betty. They were here juſt now; I ſaw Mr. *Cautious* walk into the next Room.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Sir* Geo.

Subt. to *Sir Geo.* Sir, I have taken this pains to convince you that that Father *Cautious* is as baſe an Hypocrite as ever canted in a Gown; That you ſhall ſee now, that his pretended Man, that lies with him, is a Woman, a notorious impudent Woman: and why then ſhould you give ſuch credit to ſo ill a man, as upon his Teſtimony to diſinherit your only Son?

Sir Geo. My dear Son, thou art full of Impertinencies; for firſt you ſhould endeavour, if you would ſpeak to the purpoſe, to prove him a Liar; and thou, inſtead of that, doeſt endeavour very impertinently to prove him an Whore-maſter, as if a little prudent Whoring would hinder him from ſpeaking the Truth. Then, in the ſecond place, I made my Will not ſo much for his Teſtimony, but becauſe I heard thee with mine own ears contriving my death; ſo that I being the Evidence, thou muſt invalidate my Teſtimony, by proving me a Rogue, and a Raſcal, and a Thief, or thou canſt not ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Subt. Sir, I beg nothing of you, but that you would believe me Innocent of ſuch a Crime, till you have heard my Defence. What I ſaid or did then, was purely to divert their importunity in ſolliciting me to turn preſently to their ſide; and partly to make trial of their honeſty, whether they would counſel me to do ſo black a deed. This Father *Cautious* diſcovers to you, tho before he had ſolemnly ſwore, That he would not directly or indirectly do me any injury.

Sir Geo. Saiſt thou ſo, Boy? now thou ſpeakſt to the purpoſe, and I could heartily wiſh my ſelf fool enough to believe thee innocent.

Enter Leucaſia, Betty, *Father* Bigot, Mackdonnel, *Fa.* Cautious, *Conſtable and Watch.*

Cau. I proteſt, Gentlemen and Brethren, I know not what you mean; my Man went from me laſt night, and I ſwear by the honour of my Prieſthood, that I have not ſeen him ſince.

Betty. And I'll ſwear by the honour of my Maidenhead, That I ſaw him walking with you in this very Room but juſt now;—— and methoughts too I ſaw him crying.

Cau. A likely thing indeed, that a Man ſhould cry!— I tell you again, that I have not ſeen my Man ſince laſt night.—— Sure they'll believe without ſearching. [*Aſide.*

Betty to *Leu.* I proteſt, Madam, I wonder with what confidence he can affirm this, when I ſaw his Man walking with him juſt now.

Cau. Pray conſider, who is moſt fit to be believed, one of my Sacred Character, or an ignorant Chambermaid that knows no better?

Leu. Sir, I have conſider'd of it, and think the ignorant Chambermaid ought to be believ'd before the learned Prieſt: Nature teaches Truth, when Learning improves a man in all the arts of Falſhood.—Pray let the Room be ſearch'd. [*They look up and down.*

Cau.

Cau. What horrid Barbarity is this? Am I Perſon of ſo little Credit, and with my own Brethern too?—— If you pleaſe, I'll depoſe upon Oath, that I have not ſeen my Man ſince laſt Night.

Big. The horror of the Sacrilegious Fact, does ſo ſtupify all my Senſes, that I cannot give ear to the reaſonable Requeſts of my Reverend Brother. We muſt find out the Author of this notorious Impiety, or become Partakers of his Crime.

Subt. I wonder you will not give greater Credit to this Reverend Prieſt, when I can give ſuch an eminent Inſtance of his Truth and Fidelity. He ſwore to me, that he would do me no Injury directly or indirectly, and yet he has done it, and caus'd me to loſe an Eſtate of 4000 *l. per Annum*; look there elſe.——

[*Throws down the Paper*, Cautious *reads it.*

Leu. A notorious Breach!

Cau. Nay, good Lady, be not too raſh in your Cenſures.—— I did not break my Promiſe to this Gentleman, as you do vainly imagine, as it will eaſily appear, if you conſider the Words of the Promiſe. For, *Firſt*, I ſwore I would do him no Injury, that is no Injuſtice; [*Injuria eſt quod fit contra jus*] no more I have not.—— I have only caus'd him to be juſtly diſinherited for contriving the Death of his Father.

Sir Geo. That's well, and to the purpoſe.——

Cau. So much for the thing.—— Now for the Perſon acting. I, it is a Perſon in the Singular Number, as every Boy knows that has learn'd his Accidence.—— So that the promiſe obliges me not to do him an Injury alone in my own Perſon, but it does not hinder me from doing it in the Perſon of his Father.

Big. My Brother diſtinguiſhes well.—— It muſt needs be ſo.——

Mack. O! by my Shoul, there is abundance of Learning in that little head of thine.

Cau. Again let us conſider the Perſon ſuffering him.— Man is a compound of Soul and Body. The eſtate is but an Appendix to the Perſon, ſo that the taking away that, is not in the ſtrictneſs and propriety of Speech an Injury to the Man, but ſometimes it is for his greater Advantage.——

Leu. A pretty Evaſion this.——

Big. It is moſt profoundly argu'd.——

Mack. O, by my Shoul! If iſh haud not macke play Trowant, iſh might have been as great a Scholar as thiſh Maun.

Subt. Is this all you have to ſay for your ſelf?

Cau. No: I have ſomething to ſay that is more material in my own Vindication.— I promiſed that I would not do him an Injury, directly or indirectly: No more I have not, for I have accompliſh'd my Revenge, partly direct, and partly indirectly, in a middle way between both, and ſo am no ways guilty of the breach of Promiſe.——

Leu. I vow, this is a very pretty way of performing Promiſes; the wrong way.—— You argue very well, and teach us never to believe you, becauſe we never know how to underſtand you. Conſtable do your Office, and break open this Cloſet-door: I wonder it ſhould be ſhut, when I left it open.

Cau. That is a rudeneſs, Lady, that ought not to be permitted in your Houſe. It muſt not be done.

Leu. Then I will have it done for that very reaſon. I love to do things that I ought not.

[*They break open the Door, and pull out* Simper.

Conſt. Look here the Rogue is, this Prieſt is a confounded Lyer.

Mack. O, by my Shoul! Brother you ſhould not make Lie ſo much. I am ſorry for it.

Big. Indeed, I muſt needs ſay, this looks like a Scandal;— yet I will ſtill believe that my Brother ſpeaks the truth, tho no Body can perceive it.

Sir Geo. Pſhaw, pſhaw, a lie is a lie.—— I ſay, it is the moſt impudent notorious lie that ever was told.

Leu. I beg your Pardon Uncle.—— I no more believe this to be the moſt impudent, than I believe it to be firſt.—— O! this indelible Character is an excellent thing.—— How ſimple ſhould one of us look, if taken in ſo notorious a falſhood: and how well it

becomes him.— Methinks he does it with a great deal of Grace and Ornament.

Cau. Charge me not with a Crime of that horrid Nature. I abhor the very name of Lying.

Sir Geo. And leaſt the thing, doſt thou not? Is not the caſe plain?

Subt. Leave this Diſcourſe, and ſearch for the Chalice.

[*They offer to ſearch.*

Jon. You'll loſe your Pains.— I do confeſs my ſelf a wretched, miſerable Woman deluded by that Man, and ſhut up in the Cloſet by him, to prevent the diſcovery of my Sex. [*Crys.*

Leu. Ha, ha, ha; a rich Diſcovery.

Subt. Come ſearch no further.—— The Chalice is remov'd by a plot of mine, to make this diſcovery.—— Now, if Father *Cautious*, you have your Revenge, and I mine, I think we may now be Friends.—— This Gentleman ſhall be witneſs to our new Agreement.

Jon. To *Cautious.* No, I will find a place to hide my ſhame; farewell. And if you hear of me again, 'twill be in Vengeance.

[*Exit, hanging down her Head.*

Conſt. Then we are diſcharg'd?

Subt. You are. [*Exeunt Conſt. and Watch.*

Mack. O, by my Shoul, and Shaint *Patrick!* If my Brother *Cautious* was not a very good Cautholick, whaut a ſad Fellow he would be?

Big. Nay, indeed Brother, this ſeems very ſcandalous and prejudicial to the publick Good; and if this Auditory would pleaſe to give me leave, I would make it appear to be ſo in One hundred and ten Particulars.——

Sir Geo. Good Mr. *Biggot* let your Particulars alone.— A lie is a lie.— All the Rhetorick in the World cannot make it a Wind-Mill, or a Hand-Granado.——

Cau. Gentlemen, I do wonder you ſhould charge me with a Crime of that horrid Nature. I abhor Lying, as much as Covetouſneſs or Murther. I ſaid, indeed, That I had not ſeen my Man ſince laſt Night, and there is truth you ſee in that, for the Perſon that you took for my Man, confeſſes her ſelf a Woman.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha.——

Cau. Then again, I ſaid, That I had not ſeen my Man ſince laſt Night, that is, I had not ſeen him with an Intention to tell you of it; ſo there is no [illegible]hood in theſe words, only I did not expreſs my Mind quite ſo full as I might have done.——

Mack. Well, this *Cautious* is an excellent Scholar. I never ſhould have thought of this.——

Big. Nay, my Brother is right in that.— His only fault was, that he did not expreſs his mind fully.

Cau. Then again,— pray obſerve the words of my Affirmation.— I told you, that I had not ſeen my Man ſince laſt Night, and pray, how ſhould I? Can I make a Man? Or can a Man be properly ſaid to be mine? A Servant may be mine, but a Man cannot. And now, pray, reflect how unjuſtly ye have charged me with the Crime of Lying, and repent of it.

Leu. Nay, indeed, Sir *George*, you and your Son are apt to be too Cenſorious: I warrant you are apt to think, that this Gentleman kept a She-bed-fellow out of ſome ill Deſign, whereas they only aim'd at a Spiritual Society, and are as Innocent as the Family of Love.

Sir Geo. I do indeed believe it.

Subt. And I will ſwear it,— provided Mr. *Cautious* will teach me a little of his Art.

Cau. Come, ye are profane Perſons.—— There is nothing got by ſuch Company.

[*Is going away.*

Mack. Ay, they be very dull to think Father *Cautious* would mauke lye.

Big. My Zeal will burſt forth into ſome indecent Expreſſions.—— Let us withdraw.

[*Exeunt three.*

Manent Sir Geo. Subt. Leu. Betty.

Leu. I perceive, dear Uncle, you have been kind to me in prejudice of your Son, whom I beg, now, you would pleaſe to reſtore to your Favour.

Sir Geo. Hold thy Tongue my pritty, witty Neice, or I ſhall ſuſpect that thy honeſty has out-

out, run thy wit. I hate a *Felo de se*; to speak against your own Interest, is very unnatural, and for the most part, extreamly impertinent.

Subt. I shall not prompt the Lady to it.— The motion does proceed altogether from her spontaneous goodness.

Leu. It does, and shall do so: but it must be upon condition that you do not only forsake that Gang, but revenge the injury receiv'd, upon the whole Society.

Sir Geo. Gramercy, brave Girl;—now thou speakst to the purpose, and I am inclined to hear thee.

Subt. Madam, let me know your Commands; and if I don't execute them, let me be rid by the Priests all day, and the Hag at night, till I look as simply as *Cautious* at the discovery of his Punk.

Sir Geo. I faith, Son, thou art in the right way.—Revenge the injury to some purpose;—and it will be one step into my favour.

Leu. Look you here are two Letters; one to Mrs. *Co*[illegible] and another to Mr. *Turnabout*.—Follow me, and you shall receive further directions.

Subt. With all my heart.

Sir Geo. And mine too.—Now I hope to see some mischief. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene changes to Politico's *Lodgings.*

Enter Politico *and Lord* Brittan, *talking earnestly.*

Pol. I wonder your Lordship should insist so much upon Numbers, as if there were any strength in divided and unarmed Numbers: can uncemented Sand grow into a Wall? or would your Lordship fear your Enemy, when you had his Sword in your own hand?

L. *Brit.* Your Reverence mistakes me—I am as great a stranger to fear as your self; but still I do not love to extinguish all rational apprehensions of danger: Divided numbers are not of the strength that united are, where the quantity is equal; but you do not well conclude from thence, That they are of no strength at all: There are Mountains of divided Sand, that can resist the stroke of a Cannon, and overwhelm the best disciplin'd Troop in *Europe*: And tho I should not fear a single Enemy, if I had his Sword in my hand; yet I should think my self in an ill condition, if I were assaulted by two or three hundred naked men of equal strength and courage with my self.—This is our case;—We have 200 to one against us, and that seems to me to out-ballance all other Advantages.—

Pol. That is because your Lordship has not considered the Policy of foreign Courts, as I have d[illegible] What vast numbers do they keep in [illegible]ery, grievous insupportable Slavery, by little or no force at all!—

L. *Britt.* That is, because the People love to keep themselves so, which our Countreymen do not: Whether they are born Slaves by some peculiar Influence of the Heavens, or whether Custom has made that Yoke to be easie, or whether that servile disposition is deriv'd from Father to Son, by some unperceivable manner of Tradition;—the Cause is uncertain, but the Effect is plain.—But to think *English*-men to be easily kept in subjection, because foreigners can, is as good Logick, as to conclude a Lion dares not fight, because a Sheep is a timorous Creature.

Pol. I perceive your Lordship is not skill'd in the Politicks; I can give you several reasons why there is no danger in the dreaded number of the Hereticks: For first, they want an Head; and what, alas! is Body without an Head? There's one for you.

L. *Britt.* Your Argument is Metaphorical, but not conclusive.—It is true, these popular Insurrections that are rais'd by the Power or Interest of one particular Man, are soon quell'd, when the Head is once remov'd; for the Cause taken away, the Effect ceases. But where the cause of discontent is general, an Head is never wanting, for many hands make light work.

Pol. Then again'—The Hereticks want Councel and Conduct: Alas! all their Great Men are bred in the *English* Court, and know nothing of the *French* and *Italian* Finesses: There are no men in the world, excepting those of my Order, that understand the true Methods and Principles of

Government. Alas! your *English* Lords are troubled with ſcruples of Conſcience, and pretend to tenderneſs and good nature, and think themſelves always oblig'd to ſtick to the immutable Rules of Honour; and talk of Juſt and Unjuſt, and I know not what whimſeys: They don't conſider, that it is impoſſible for a States-man to accompliſh any great Deſigns, that boggles at any ſort of means that are conducing to his End, tho never ſo unjuſt and cruel. ——

L. *Britt.* I wiſh you do not find thoſe Lords, which you ſo much deſpiſe, to be Maſters of more Policy than is conſiſtent with the good of the Catholick Cauſe.

Pol. Pſhaw! Pſhaw! never fear it. —When all's done, we have an Army to defend us.

L. *Britt.* An Army ſympathizes with the major part of the Nation out of which they are taken; and what raiſes Jealouſies in the One, is ſure to raiſe Diſcontents in the Other. —— Heaven ſend we may never ſtand in need of that.

Pol. Pſhaw! pſhaw! your Lordſhip is too timorous.

L. *Britt. angry.* No man, but what's defended by a Gown, dares tell me ſo. —— Once more, farewell. And when you ſee all *England* in a flame, your ſelves purſued to the water-ſide, and offering all your Treaſure for a Boat; when Catholicks are driven from their Houſes, and made the Object of a publick ſcorn, remember then I had no hand in this.

Pol. And when you ſee the Triumphs of our Cauſe, all bending low unto the See of *Rome*, the Hereticks or forced to comply, or roving up and down the world for Bread, but finding none: when this you live to ſee, remember well that mine is the contrivance; 'tis I propos'd the End, and found the Means; ſhap'd the Tools, and perfected the Work; and mine's the Honour. ——

L. *Britt.* May it be ſo. —— I leave the Honour and the Danger unto you. — Farewell, I've done my beſt. [*Exit.*

Pol. Well, this Lord is honeſt, but Maſter of extreme wrong Notions in Policy, as if he had been bred under ſome Calviniſtical Pedant, that never read *Machiavel*. —— But I muſt now lay aſide thoughts of State-affairs, and mind the grand Concerns of ſofter Love. *Leucaſia*'s eyes have ſhot a fire into my breaſt, which nothing but her ſelf can extinguiſh: If I can enjoy her in the perſon of a diſcarded Officer, I ſhall look upon it as my greateſt miſery. —— For as there is greater art in making a Chain for a Flea than an Elephant, ſo there is ſomething more skill in ſubduing the heart of a Woman, than in ſubverting a Kingdom.

Enter Mrs. Counterfeit.

O Mrs. *Counterfeit*, you're welcome, moſt heartily welcome. —— What news?

Count. O, the moſt obliging News in the World. —— *Leucaſia* is yours, your Plots take to admiration. —— I vow you don't act fairly, to outwit a Woman in her own Profeſſion. —— Read this. [*Gives him a Letter he reads.*

The account you give of that Noble Perſon, and his ſuffering in ſo good a Cauſe, will not permit me to be cruel. —— I honour ſuch Noble Patriots; and if it is his deſire to make known to me any part of his grievances, he ſhall find an honourable and kind reception from

Yours, Leucaſia.

Pol. Why, look you, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, did not I tell you that nothing could reſiſt my Policy? Here's a Lady that hates our Religion, and in particular my Order and Perſon: Now who but my ſelf could extract good out of ſo much evil, and make her averſion a ſtep to enjoy her?

Count. If you are as quick in Execution, as fine in Projection, that will ſoon be done. Or if you ſhould be put to the trouble to raviſh, or ſo, if opportunity favours, your diſguiſe is your ſecurity.

Pol. There thou hitt'ſt the Nail on the head: my diſguiſe is ready, you ſhall go in and ſee it fitted.

Count. I wait your Commands; but you muſt go incognito, without any Equipage. —

Pol. Pray, Mrs. *Counterfeit*, leave the contriving part to me, I think I am Maſter of that.

Count. And you muſt be ſure to aggravate the Ingratitude of Prieſts and Jeſuits.

Pol. What ſtill moving beyond your ſtation? muſt the Spring riſe higher than the Fountain-head? have you not learn'd all this from me? and do you pretend to teach?

Count. No, indeed, I have not learn'd all from you; my Mother, and my good Grandmother, and my Aunt, and my great Aunt, taught me a great deal, and I have had 50 years experience; ſo that you might truſt a little to my Judgment.

Pol. Then you will pretend to direct me?

Count. No, an't pleaſe your Reverence, I will not pretend to that: You do excel me and all mankind in the myſterious arts of Love; I muſt moſt humbly acknowledge it to be ſo.

Pol. Then follow me; and remember the contriving part is mine; the executive we muſt ſhare between us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Leucaſia's *Lodgings.*

Enter Leucaſia *and* Turnabout.

Leu. You ſee how far I have condeſcended to cure your capricious humour; tho I muſt confeſs your carriage to me, and your hair-brain'd Jealouſie, does deſerve my ſcorn, or rather is below it.——

Turn. I confeſs my error, and am ready to redeem your loſt favour with my Sword. What is it you will command?

Leu. A certain pretended Lord is pleas'd to think me a very fit perſon to be his Whore. Now what would you do in vindication of my Honour?

Turn. Oh very little.—— Perhaps I might only cut his Throat, or whip him through the Lungs, or ſome ſuch trifle:——Neither more nor leſs ——

Leu. No, that's too much.—But I ſuppoſe that if he ſhould refuſe to draw, you would grudge him the pains to kick him, or aſſiſt my Servants in toſſing him in a Blanket.——

Turn. No, by heavens I would not. Good Madam, tell me, When, where, and how I ſhall ſerve you, you ſhall ſee with what zeal I'll do it.

Leu. You muſt retire immediately into this Cloſet, and not ſtir till the Signal be given. This is the leaſt Penance I can impoſe for your Jealouſie, and other high miſdemeanors; and I ſuppoſe herein I am not ſo rigid as the Fathers.

Turn. Fy! Fy! Good Madam, tell me no more of the Fathers, they are meer Babies and Children: I care no more for the Fathers, than I do for the *Indian Bramines*, or *Turkiſh Muftis*, unleſs it be for my own ends; for tho that Beldame *Counterfeit* was pleas'd to give your Ladiſhip an account that they intended to fool me, yet I can aſſure you I find as great encouragement as any New Convert of 'em all.

Leu. I will tell thy true Character: Thy Love makes thee greedy of Eſtate and Honour, and the greedineſs of Eſtate and Honour make thee love ſo much the more eagerly; now to cure this vicious circulation of humours, I will firſt make thee weary of poaching after the Fathers, by rendring thee odious to them; and then, as for Love, you know the laſt remedy for that.

Turn. Phu! phu! *Politico* is ſo much my Friend, thou canſt never render me odious to him.

Leu. Yes, I will, in the ſpace of half an hour.

Turn. 'Tis not an Age and a half can do it. Will you venture your Maidenhead upon that Bett?

Leu. Yes, I wou'd, if you had one to ſtake againſt it.

Turn. Prethee what doſt talk of one, I have had an hundred in my time.

Leu. Ay, but they are now all vaniſh'd, and become as inviſible as your 20 Mannors.

Turn. That's true indeed. But to be ſerious; if you have a mind to convert me, you may find a nearer way; it is but taking me to your ſelf for ever, and then I will ſoon bid adieu to all the Gang of pedantical Fathers.

Leu. But my reſolution is to make thee weary of that Society, without making uſe of that dangerous Matrimonial Remedy. And if I do it not, then ſay my wit has fail'd me.

Turn. And if you do redeem me from that Gang without paying your ſelf for my Ranſom, then ſay that I am not Maſter of Wit, Reſolution, Common Senſe, or Reaſon.

Leu. Agreed.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, here's a Perſon of Quality at the door in a Coach.

Leu. That's the man, bid him come up.—Now, Mr. *Turnabout*, if you mean ever to purchaſe my Love by uſing him very ſcurvily, retire into the next Room, and ſtir not unleſs he offer force, or I give the ſignal.

Turn. Let me alone for that.

[*Goes into the Cloſet.*

Leu. Now this fool *Politico* will think that I don't know him in his diſguiſe; but heaven be prais'd I am ready for his reception.

Enter Politico *in a very rich Commander's Habit.*

Pol. Madam, I'm come to throw my ſelf at your feet for pardon.—— I preſume Mrs. *Counterfeit* has acquainted you with my Perſon and Character.

Leu. My Lord, if your intentions are not criminal, it is ſuperfluous to ask a Pardon. Beſides, the Character I received of your Perſon, and the account of your Sufferings in ſo good a Cauſe, place you above all formalities of that nature. I have rather reaſon to admire at your Lordſhip's condeſcenſion to one ſo much your Inferior in Quality and Honour.

Pol. I muſt confeſs, none ever ſerved the Proteſtant Cauſe with greater Zeal and Integrity; and this drew upon me the envy of *Politico*, *Bigot*, and others, which occaſion'd my removal from Court; but ſtill my very Ruins are above the pity of the very beſt of them, and it lies in your Ladiſhips Power to build up the higheſt degree of human felicity.

Leu. My Lord, I can never enough reflect upon the baſeneſs and ingratitude of thoſe Prieſts towards your Lordſhip and other worthy Patriots: but I am fill'd with horror and amazement, that a Perſon of your Worth, Courage, Conduct and Fidelity, ſhould be undermin'd by ſuch a raskally Crew of fantaſtical Prieſts as *Politico*, *Bigot*, *Cautious*, and *Mackdonnel*! a Gang of whimſical, nonſenſical Blockheads, that look as odly in the Court, as a Skull in the Preſence-Chamber; whoſe whole skill lies in Books, and that too no farther than Title-pages; and perhaps, if ſome ſpecial Roguery does require it, they may proceed to the Index, and ſo begin that, as they do all other things, at the wrong end. And——

Pol. Nay, good Lady, proceed no farther; I forgive my Enemies; and you know my buſineſs here is Love, and not Revenge.—— Now muſt I hear my ſelf rail'd at, and ſay nothing. [*Aſide.*

Leu. My Lord, I cannot but admire your Generoſity in forgiving your Enemies; but I will take the liberty to tell you, that They, and eſpecially *Politico*, are of all things my averſion.

Pol. But yet, I hope, you will grant that *Politico* is the very beſt, the top and flower of them all.

Leu. I vow, my Lord, I am of a quite contrary Opinion; for firſt, as to his perſon——

Pol. Nay, good Lady, let his Perſon alone, it will never hurt you.

Leu. I will aſſure you, the remembrance of his Perſon does hurt me this very moment, it was ſuch a filthy ſpectacle, [*Spits.*]—— His Meen and Air ſo affectedly odd and boyiſh; his Eyes Luſtful, and, if I may ſay it, Goatiſh; his Hands clumſie; his Head lumpiſh; nothing good but his Voice, which did a little reſemble with your Lordſhips, and make an attonement for his other Enormities.——Sure this will ſting him. [*Aſide.*

Pol. Come, Madam, be not ſo Satyrical upon the famous *Politico*, tho my Enemy: the Habit of an Order does oftentimes diſfigure a moſt excellent Shape and Meen: but be that what it will, you muſt needs grant *Politico* to be the greateſt States-man in the World, and a man of the fineſt Contrivance in *Europe*.——All his Enemies confeſs him to be a wiſe man.

Leu. I know he eſteems himſelf ſo, but the world has a different Opinion of him. Would a wiſe man throw off ſuch a worthy gallant Gentleman as your ſelf, that are ſteddy by a Principle of Duty, to make room for mercenary Slaves, that know no higher Equity than Intereſt? Would a wiſe man encourage Lying, Diſſimulation and Hypo-

erisy in others, when he knows not how soon they may make use of the same Arts to his own Distruction? Would a wise Man punish or deride others for their Constancy, Loyalty, and Fidelity, to secure a Government which needs must perish without them? Do you think, I say, my Lord, all this to be the part of a wise Man?

Pol. Good Lady talk no more of *Politico*, my business is Love.

Leu. And how can I more effectually express my Love to your Person and Merits, than by railing at those Enemies of yours, that have cast such a Cloud upon them? Good, my Lord, join with me in a few innocent Curses against Father *Politico*, and all his Gang, that have done you this insupportable Injury.——

Pol. Pray, Madam, excuse me from Cursing; I came hither for the blessing of your Love, and must my self be curs'd without it.

Leu. No excuses, my Lord, it will lessen the Opinion I have of the greatness of your Spirit. Come, you shall invent some new Curses with me.

Pol. My mind now is so full of Love, that I can invent nothing that has the least relish of hatred. Dear Madam, excuse me.

Leu. Then, if you will not invent, you shall leave that to me, and only conclude with an hearty *Amen.*

Pol. I wonder that your Ladiship will offer to impose upon me the Office of a Parish-Clerk. How shall I be able to give a tuneable Accent to *Amen*?

Leu. Your Lordship is modest.——I know you have an excellent Base, and can't chuse but do it very well.

Pol. What an unconscionable Woman is this, to expect that I should curse my self, and my Brethren. [*Aside.*

Leu. I'll shew you the way; a little cursing will make you relish the sweetness of Love the better.—May they be always contriving, and never bring any thing to effect. May they employ none but Knaves and Fools, and may those at last deceive them; may they heap up vast Treasures, and Porters enjoy them; may they fall into an immoderate love of themselves, and into hatred of all Mankind besides; and if ever any of them have a Mistriss, may she be Beautiful, Rich, Virtuous, and Heretical, and that will be plague enough.—— Good my Lord say, *Amen.*

Pol. Indeed, Madam, I have a Cold, I can't do it with a Grace.

Leu. 'Tis no matter for Grace, do but speak it heartily.

Pol. Amen. [*Very faintly.*

Leu. May all their Plots be too improbable to take effect, and not improbable enough to please as a Fiction in a Romance or Novel. But may they have the happiness to partake of that vicious Mediocrity, which is good for just nothing.— You must say, *Amen.*

Pol. Amen. [*Faintly.*

Leu. Well, I perceive your superabounding Goodness, does make you pronounce *Amen* very faintly.—— I will therefore desist from Cursing; and I have Ten thousand more to utter, and none of them undeserv'd.

Pol. A pox of this Amour, I am weary of it. [*Aside.*]——Madam, if you would curse my Enemies, the best way is to make me happy with your Love.— It will burst their hearts with envy.

Leu. If I had any happiness to confer, your request would be reasonable; but I fear you are come out of one misfortune, with intention to fall into a greater. Matrimony, if that be your design, cures no Distempers of the Mind, but by inflicting greater. It is a corrosive, that may deaden the Flesh in order to Amputation, but it seldom effects a Cure that is better than the Disease.

Pol. Tho Matrimony cannot, there is something in your Ladiships power that can. Madam, I am a Soldier, and you know Men of our Profession flie more directly to enjoyment than others do, over all those Forms and Obstacles invented by Fools and *Platonick* Lovers.

Leu. Then I perceive at length your Lordships meaning; you came hither instead of telling your Sufferings, with a design to Whore me.— Pray, my Lord, speak plainly, did you come hither with a design to Whore me? [*Aside.*

Pol. Madam, you preſent the moſt pleaſant thing in the World, in the moſt hideous Dreſs. Give it a ſofter Name, and the buſineſs is half done.

Leu. Whilſt I thought you Virtuous, and a Sufferer for your Countries Honour, I muſt confeſs, I had a profound reſpect for your Perſon; but now——

Pol. Ay, now you may boaſt, that you have conquered him whom Sovereign Princes could not.

Leu. When Luſt has turn'd a Man into a Beaſt, there can be no great triumph in ſuch a Conqueſt.—— Mrs. *Counterfeit*, is as much miſtaken in her little Policies, as Father *Politico* in his great ones.

Pol. Theſe ſtrugglings of Modeſty, choak all true Pleaſure in the Birth: It is more generous to yield without previous Hypocriſy.

Leu. I am not us'd to Diſcourſes of this nature; adieu. [*She's going.*

Pol. Nay, Madam, we muſt not part ſo.

[*Steps to the Door, and locks it.*

Leu. Then you intend Violence.

Pol. Ay, but the moſt raviſhing,—that ever was experienc'd by Woman.

Leu. Sure you will not put me to the trouble to call my Servants to my aid.

Pol. It is in vain; they are as ſecure as your ſelf.

Leu. Sure you are not ſo much a Villain!

Pol. If I am not, you need not fear me. The next Room, Madam, is a more pleaſant ſcene for Love.

Leu. Sure *Turnabout* will not fail me now,—if he does I'm undone—(*aſide*—) She knocks.

Pol. 'Tis all in vain.

[*He offers to carry her out.*

Enter Turnabout.

Turn. What means this noiſe? Villain unhand the Lady. [*Unhands her.*

Pol. What, my Rival *Turnabout!*—I'm undone. [*Aſide.*

Turn. How dare you offer violence to a Lady in her own Lodgings? [*Exit* Leucaſia.

Pol. You call that Violence which was only a little innocent freedom. [Turnabout *draws.*

Turn. You ſeem to be a Man of Quality, and a Soldier, you have begun an Injury like a Villain, and muſt defend it like a Man,—Draw.

Pol. What ſhall I do now? I know no more how to Fight than a Girl of Fifteen, that is only skilled in the Innocent uſe of her Nails. [*Aſide.*

Turn. Come, Sir, ſtand not amazed; Draw, or you're a Dead Man.

Pol. I am not afraid to Draw, nor unable to chaſtiſe your ſawcy intruſion—But I hope you will not force me to that rudeneſs in a Ladies Apartment, whoſe Honour you pretend to maintain.

Turn. You were not afraid of a greater rudeneſs than this, and therefore have no reaſon to ſcruple a leſs: Sir, I ſay—Draw.

Pol. All the words in the World ſhall not make me tranſgreſs the Rules of Decency and Order.——

Turn. Then ſhall this do it; (*kicks him.*) Or this, (*again.*)

Pol. No, Sir, I have more breeding than to incur an abſurdity of ſo high a nature,—But you ſhall repent of this; *Politico* is my Friend,—you know his Power.

Turn. Damn *Politico*—— Do you wear a Sword, and ſhelter your ſelf under the Protection of a whimſical Gownman?—Draw, or I have another expedient for you.

Pol. If I Draw, I am certainly kill'd, and Ten thouſand of the beſt Plots in the World are moſt certainly ſpoil'd.—I muſt owe protection to *Non-reſiſtance*, and *Paſſive-obedience:* [*Aſide.*

I will not Draw—for I ſaid I would not.

Turn. Then I'le try another experiment on you: I have an Engine ſhall toſs you higher than a flying Chariot in *Bartholomew-Fair.* [*Knocks.*

Enter Footman.

Foot. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Turn. Four of you bring in a Blanket with all Expedition.

Pol. Well, *Politico* will revenge this injury.

Turn. I tell thee again, *Politico*'s an Aſs and a Fool; I my ſelf have made him a Fool this two months.

Enter Footmen with a Blanket.

Turn. Bravely done my Lads—Let's carry that Raſcal into the Hall, and mount him.

[*They lay Hands on him.*

Pol. to *Turn.* Do you know who I am? Have a care what you do.

Turn. I know thee to be a Coward; I believe thou art a Villain; and I vilely ſuſpect thou haſt ſomething in thee of the Fool, and that's enough for my purpoſe. (*To Foot.*) Carry him away.

Pol. You will repent of it —Oh! Murther, Murther. [*They carry him off by Force.*

Enter Leucaſia, Betty, *Sir* Geo. Bigot, Cautious *and* Mackdonnel.

Leu. Gentlemen, I ſent for you hither, to make known the ſhame of the fam'd *Politico*, who came hither in diſguiſe to rob me of my Honour; and I hope I have given you ſuch ocular demonſtration, as has left no room for doubt.

Sir *Geo.* Thou art a brave Girl, I faith, I love revenge and miſchief when it is to the purpoſe.

Mack. Yeſh by my ſhoul, and I do love miſchief wid all my heart, when dere is no hearme in in it.

Big. It cannot be that *Politico* ſhould be guilty of ſuch a crime, who has labour'd ſo abundantly in the propagation of the Catholick Cauſe; It muſt be the deluſion of ſome evil ſpirit, that has put on the ſhape and habit of *Politico*, to bring this diſgrace on our Cauſe and Order: Let me come near him with my Exorciſms, and I will make him confeſs as much. —

Leu. If he ſhould confeſs himſelf a Devil, he would confeſs the truth. ——

Sir *Geo.* Superſtition is incurable, and blind Zeal does ſeldom recover its ſight: — Has not my Neece ſhewed you the Jewels ſent by his own Hand?

Can. A good Man may ſometimes be taken in a fault; but to be ſo very prodigal, as to give away Jewels of that value, is a wickedneſs that I think to be unpardonable. —

Big. Come Brother, let's go and comfort *Politico* under this diſgrace.

Can. Ay, that's better than to ſtay here, to become ſpectators of our own—Beſides I've Money to receive.

Big. Farewell, and remember none ever provok'd our Order unreveng'd.

Can. And don't think the World will believe this ſcandal; for we will ſwear it is falſe.

Mack. Yeſh, it iſh falſh, very falſh.

Leu. What is falſe?

Mack. What is falſh,— by my ſhoul I've forgat vat iſh dat vas falſh; but I'm ſure it vas ſometing.

Leu. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Can. Come let's repair to *Politico*, it is vain to ſtay here. [*Exeunt Three Prieſts.*

Enter Turnabout.

Turn. Now, Madam, I hope my buſineſs is quite done, I've gain'd my own ends by *Politico*, who ſeems to be all melted into Love with my charming converſation; and I've helped your Ladiſhip in diſtreſs, which gives me ſome pretenſions unto your favour.

Leu. It is natural for Men to err, and I perceive you are not altogether free from that human frailty; you build much upon your friendſhip with *Politico*, which is now at an end; you muſt expect nothing from him but Revenge and Malice; for he is the very perſon in diſguiſe, whom you have ſo plentifully kick'd and toſs'd in a Blanket.

Turn. A Pox on't, 'tis impoſſible!

Sir *Geo.* Good Mr. *Turnabout*, ſpeak not impertinently, I do know it is ſo.

Turn. 'Ounds this is a Trick I never thought on.

Leu. Since you doubt, follow me, and I'le ſoon convince you.

Turn. I'le wait on you —but I am all amazement. [*Exeunt*

Sir *Geo.* And I will go and try one Plot as old as I am. Here *Jack*, [*Knocks.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir?

Sir *Geo.* Go immediately to *Kenſington*, and turn my Horſe looſe with Bridle and Saddle, raiſe a report that I am miſſing, and, as you believe, Murthered; and to be ſure, you Dog, be ſecret: Or ——

Serv. Lord, Sir, How ſhall I tell ſuch a Lie! I never told a Lie in my Life, an't pleaſe your Honour. Sir

Sir *Geo.* You Dog, you can tell nothing else. Do it, or I'll cut your Throat.

Serv. Since your Honour will have it so, I'll try. [*Exit.*

Sir *Geo.* By this device I hope to understand how far my Son is infected with Jesuitical Principles——For if he is far gone, I shall discard him for ever.

Youth quickly learns the Vices of the Town,
Swiftly they come and swiftly pass away;
But crimes infus'd by the more sober Gown,
Are much more black, and make a longer stay. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

The Scene changes to Politico's *Lodgings.*

Enter Politico, Bigot, Cautious, Mackdonnel.

Pol. ARe ye sure then *Leucasia* knew me?

Big. She call'd us to be spectators of your shame.

Pol. Was ever man thus baffled in Amour, by the sole malignity of Fortune?—for you must needs grant that the Plot was well laid.

Big. Be not dejected, this Blanketting is a lively representation of Great mens Fortunes, sometimes up and sometimes down; There is never any great Exaltation, but there is danger of a sudden Depression; this you knew before to be true by Speculation, and now receive a confirmation from palpable Experience.

Cau. Ay, but to be kick'd up and down like a Football, that was rude.

Big. The Poets and Philosophers compare the Life of Man to a Game at Tennis, The World is the Tennis-court, and men are the Balls which the Fates toss up and down with Rackets: But great men, like great Footballs, are kicked up and down with greater violence. The shock was rude, but the emb'em is good and useful.

Pol. Alas, I don't value a little Blanketing, or Kicking; But to have a Plot disappointed——that grieves me.

Mack. By my shoul, my dear Joy, de disappointment ish not so great; for tho thow didst not get into the Lady's Bed, thou didst get possession of the Blanket, and that is something, Ha, ha.——

Pol. And do you think that *Turnabout* knew me?

Cau. Not then,——but now I presume he does.

Pol. Then will I be reveng'd on him.

Big. But how?

Pol. By giving him good words, raising his hopes, making him spend the remainder of his small fortune in expectation of great things; and then doing for him just nothing at all——And then for *Leucasia.*——

Big. Ay, prethee what canst contrive against that pestilent Heretick.

Pol. I have one of the finest Plots in the World, if thou wilt but assist me.

Big. To be reveng'd on *Leucasia*, is to do good to the publick; and I will refuse no labour to accomplish that.

Pol. Then this it is,——You hear the Rabble are in some violent commotions against the Men of our Persuasion and Order?

Cau. So great, that I have hid all my Trunks in your dark Cellar.

Pol. You, *Bigot*, shall put on a Porters Frock, and excite them to all manner of Indignities.——

Big. Against whom?

Pol. Against all *Romanists*, and especially against my self.

Big. And what then?

Pol. Why, I will repair, under pretence of shelter, to *Leucasia's* Lodgings——And there will scatter Books and Pictures that are peculiar to our way; then you shall bring down the Rabble to search for me, precisely at Nine of the Clock; I will be gone before that time, and so you with your wonted Eloquence, shall make the whole storm light upon *Leucasia.*

Big. Brother, you must excuse me, it is not for the good of the Cause.

Pol. Brother, you are mistaken; I can demonstrate it to be the surest and secures way to promote it.

Big. You are the Oracle of Policy, I will go about it presently: But let your Servant help me to a disguise. *Pol.*

Pol. 'Tis ready for you.

Big. Adieu. [*Exiturus Manet.*

Enter Sir George Subtleman *in the Habit of an Hermit, with a Beard down to his Waſte, followed by an* Indian *Boy.*

Mack. Hey day! By my ſhoul here iſh Shaint *Pantrick* come to ſhee us.

Sir *Geo.* *Salvete fratres venerandi*, — Pray which of you bears the venerable name of *Politico?*

Big. *Tu quoque ſalvus ſis venerande Pater*, This is the Gentleman.

Sir *Geo.* Is this the famous *Politico*, whoſe Fame is ſpread through all the habitable part of the World! — Is this the Wiſe, the Learned, the Divine *Politico!*

Pol. I am that *Politico* of whom the World is pleaſed undeſervedly to ſpeak very great things, and far above my merits. — A little feigned modeſty does well. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Then bleſſed are theſe eyes that ſee the Man. And bleſt theſe ears of mine that hear him ſpeak. And bleſt theſe Legs and Feet that brought me hither. — My Vow is now perform'd, I'll ſhave my Beard, and live at reſt: But firſt, I muſt have leave to kiſs the Hem of your Garment. [*Kneeling:*

Pol. By no means — That's too much!

Sir *Geo.* Hinder me not — (*Kiſſes his Coat.*) Bleſs me, what Virtue flows into my Body and mind from hence! Well, now I am happy. [*Weeps for joy.*

Cau. This old fellow is ſo very condeſcending, that I fear he comes a begging.

Pol. Pray reverend Father tell us the reaſon of your tranſport, and whence you come.

Sir *Geo.* Theſe Fourſcore years *America* has been my conſtant place of Prayers and Reſidence; And had been ſo till now, but that the fame of your great deeds has drawn me from my ſo far diſtant Cell, to ſee a perſon that the World adores.

Pol. I perceive by this, that I am very famous in *America.*

Cau. If you come from *America*, Father, I preſume you bring good ſtore of Gold.

Sir *Geo.* Gold I deſpiſe; I came to learn and ſee the Wiſdom of this Man.

Pol. But how came you to hear ſo much of my fame in *America?*

Sir *Geo.* How ſhould I hear that the Sun ſhines, or that the Stars bedeck the Canopy of Heaven? — You are known as much as they, and equally admired.

Pol. That's much at ſo great a diſtance! —

Sir *Geo.* What is more ſwift than Fame? There's not a Nurſe, but prays her tender off-ſpring may attain the Wiſdom of *Politico* — Not a Father that gives his bleſſing, but uſes this, Love — May thine be great as *Politico's.*

Pol. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange!

Sir *Geo.* They build Churches to your Name, and have an Holyday, that they honour your Wiſdom with, and is call'd, *O Sapientia.*

Pol. All this may be true; But yet to prevent all ſcruples, I deſire you to ſhew ſome Letters Teſtimonial from the Provincial of our Order there, or other perſons.

Sir *Geo.* Am I ſuſpected then?

Big. Be not angry, Reverend Sir, you are not ſuſpected; but his Reverence muſt keep cloſe to his Rule, not to admit Strangers without Letters Teſtimonial.

Sir *Geo.* How ſhould I have Letters Teſtimonial, that have liv'd in an uninhabitable Iſland near the Southern Pole, an Hermetical Life theſe ſixty years.

Pol. But then how did you hear of my fame? There I nick'd the Old Gentleman. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* We Hermits know all that is done, by Revelation, as well as if we ſaw it with our eyes; How elſe could we endure ſo many years of tedious ſolitude.

Big. Nay, Brother, it is certain he might know it by Revelation.

Pol. Not improbable, being ſo good a Man.

Sir *Geo.* I have not ſeen the face of Man or Beaſt theſe Fourſcore years: — Yet I can tell ſome ſecrets of your Life, — [*Whiſpers Pol.* Is not that true?

Pol. Moſt certainly true: — Thou art a Divine Perſon.

Mack. And when you liv'd alone ſo long in *America*, Good my Dear Joy, tell me what Company did you uſe to keep?

Sir *Geo.* My Dog, my Cat, and ſometimes for diverſions ſake, a Monkey.

Mack. And did not you go ſometimes;

to ſmoak a Pipe at your Neighbours?

Sir *Geo.* How could I, when I had none there?

Mack. By my ſhoul, my Dear Joy, I did quite make forget that.

Pol. How long is it ſince you took this Vow to Viſit me?

Sir *Geo.* About Fifty years.

Pol. That is ſtrange, I am but 40 years old.

Sir *Geo.* A Pox on his gravity, it made me miſtake his Age. (*To Pol.*) O Sir, I know how Great you would be, long before your Conception.

Big. By ſpecial Revelation?

Sir *Geo.* Yes, by ſpecial Revelation.

Cau. I'll be Hang'd if this Fellow does not come to Beg, to Cheat, or Steal. [*Aſide.*

Pol. Well, it is joyful news to me, that my poor endeavours do meet with that encouragement in the remoter parts of the World: for let me die, if ſome are not ſo bruitiſh here, as to cenſure me for an Hairbrain'd, Imprudent Stateſman.———

Sir *Geo.* They are more ſtupid than the meaneſt Animals in our Parts; for the very Parrots are taught to ſay, Wiſe *Pol*, Prudent *Pol*, A Cup of Sack for *Pol*.

Pol. It is the nature of the *Engliſh* to deſpiſe all Political Wiſdom, becauſe it is a Foreign Commodity: But I perceive the *Americans* have better Judgment.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! abundantly.

Pol. Have you other buſineſs?

Sir *Geo.* What greater buſineſs than to ſee your Wiſdom?

Pol. Since that's your end, I'll make you ſenſible Fame's no Liar.

Sir *Geo.* Yes, I have one requeſt more, which I hope to obtain by the interceſſion of theſe worthy Gentlemen.

Big. Give it a Name, and you ſhall ſee our readineſs.

Sir *Geo.* The Inhabitants of thoſe Parts, as I partly underſtand it by Revelation, and partly was told in the Ship, are troubled with a Giddineſs in the Head, and other Diſtempers of the Brain, from which they think they can never be delivered, but by the Application of ſomething taken from your body; which I therefore humbly beg you would beſtow upon me, for it will be extreamly reverenced in thoſe Parts.

Big. A moſt Pious requeſt; it muſt not be denied.

Cau. aſide to Bigot. I told you this Fellow came to beg.

Pol. What is it they would have?

Sir *Geo.* A Glove, a Nightcap, or a pair of Shooes.

Pol. My Man ſhall deliver you the beſt pair I have.

Sir *Geo.* No: I had rather have a pair your Reverence had worn longeſt; there is likely to be moſt Virtue in them.

Pol. I don't believe it can do them any good; but yet the Vulgar are to be indulg'd and gratified in ſuch deſigns, right or wrong. [*Aſide.* You ſhall have what ever you will of that nature.

Sir *Geo.* Then be pleaſed to Honour your Humble Servant with an old Handkerchief; for the people of thoſe parts have a great Veneration for all Effluviums of your Brain.

Mack. By my ſhoul, my Dear Joy, I have two or three pair of old Shooes, if they will do thy Countrymen any good, they ſhall have them with all my heart.

Pol. But firſt let's know your Name?

Sir *Geo.* I was born in *England* of the Family of the *Subtlemans*; but when I took upon me the Hermetical Life, I chang'd my Name to *Sancto Hermolto de Fulgoſo*, *alias*, *The Simple Hermit*.

Big. Why the *Simple Hermit*?

Sir *Geo.* I was proud of that Name, becauſe it ſhew'd my Humility.

Pol. Then you were proud of being humble.

Sir *Geo.* Yes, I was very proud of being ſo very humble.———

Pol. Mr. *Bigot*, you know your buſineſs, I will give Orders for the entertainment of this Hermit, and then repair to *Leucaſia*'s Lodgings.

Big. I know it, and will execute your Orders with all imaginable diligence and fidelity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Leucasia *and* Betty.

Leu. What doſt thou ſay, Is Sir *George* Murther'd.

Betty. So it is conjectur'd; and his Man does confidently reports it.

Leu. It cannot be,—they dare not be ſuch Villains.

Betty. It ſeems they dare; the thing is done, and thought to be contriv'd by Father *Politico.*

Leu. A Man might as well expect to ſee a Mine above Ground, as a deep Plot come from the ſhallow Head of *Politico*; If he is Author of this barbarous Murther, I dare pawn my reputation, I diſcover it in leſs than half an hours Converſation.

Betty. But you hazard your perſon, in truſting your ſelf in the Houſe with one who would have us'd you ſo ill.

Leu. I hope to find an opportunity to uſe him worſe: Do you obſerve your cue, and leave the reſt to me.

(*They are going out, but met by* Turnabout.)

Turn. Glad Madam, you are very happily met; Did you appoint me this place, or did I appoint you?

Leu. If it had been by your appointment, I ſhould not have been here; but if it had been by mine, it had been likely to ſucceed better: If you fancy any happineſs to your ſelf in this Meeting, it muſt be aſcribed to chance, and not to conduct.

Turn. I am like a good Gameſter that throw'd well ſo often, that the ignorant think he has a great deal of good luck, when it really is a great deal of good skill. I am verily perſuaded that either you or I did contrive this, tho I don't know when or where.

Leu. I have one reaſon to make me think it is yours, becauſe it is to no purpoſe.

Turn. If it is to no purpoſe, it is you, Lady, that make it ſo: I am ready on my part to make it effectual to all intents and purpoſes whatever.

Leu. If I make it ſo, I will withdraw, and leave you to your ſelf.

Turn. If you withdraw, you ſpoil all, I can do nothing without your aſſiſtance.

Leu. Suppoſe I ſhould give you my aſſiſtance, what then?

Turn. Then I would renounce the Devil and all his works, ſend for a Parſon, and Marry you immediately.

Leu. That is as much as to ſay, That if the work were done to your hands, you would do it with a great deal of eaſe;—— But I am not for that lazy way,—you muſt give me ſome proof of your diligence.

Turn. Diligence before Matrimony, is like a rich Feaſt before an Appetite, it may be good, but not ſeaſonable: To weary me out with Diligence now, is like riding an Horſe to death before he begins his Journey.

Leu. And how ſhould I know that an Horſe can perform his Journey, unleſs I try him firſt?

Turn. Yes, Madam, you may try me firſt if you pleaſe.

Leu. I have tried you, and find you like the reſt of your Sex, great in promiſes, and little in performance: Did not you promiſe to compleat a revenge upon *Politico?*

Turn. Look you, Madam, I love miſchief, but I hate to do it *gratis*; upon aſſurance of your love, I will not only ſacrifice that Calf to your incenſed Anger, but *Mackdonnel* himſelf, with an whole Hecatomb of *Iriſh* Bulls and Blunders.

Leu. I came hither to learn ſome intelligence of Sir *Geoorge Subtleman*'s Death; Will you perform that Office for me, and diſcover the Author of that Villany?

Turn. Hang Villany, Death and Murther, It is your Eyes that have Murthered me, and I am glad that I have the opportunity to diſcover that: What do I care for the death of an Old Man, that made no conſcience of living Eighty years? propound any other task, and I'll perform it, tho' difficult enough to puzzle the Devil.

Leu. Then bring me a Writing ſubſcrib'd with *Politico*'s own hand, wherein he ſhall acknowledge himſelf to be no Politician, but a Pedant, a Sot, and an Aſs; and in requital, you ſhall have of me whatever you will pleaſe to ask.

Turn. How! make *Politico* confeſs that!

Leu. Yes, make *Politico* confeſs that, or ne're ſee my face more. I find *Politico* is lazy.—I'll to my Coach. [*Is going.*

Turn. Nay, Madam, now you cannot ſtir from this houſe; it is beſet by an unruly Rabble; you muſt endure the fortune of the Siege.

Leu. Heavens defend us! what ſhall I do?

Turn. I'll conduct you to a private Apartment, where you may remain without diſcovery; if danger comes near you, I will loſe my Life in your Defence.——Remain there, and I will bring a Subſcription from *Politico.*

Leu. There is nothing I expect leſs, or deſire more,—Do that, and be as happy as I can make you.

Turn. A happy Match! I told you our meeting would be to the purpoſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Politico *and* Manual.

Pol. 'Sdeath, the Rabble here already! I bid *Bigot* not bring them hither this half-hour.

Man. They are now unruly, *Bigot* can perſuade them to nothing; they threaten to burn your Houſe down.

Pol. Then I can't go to *Leucaſia.*

Man. Not without danger of your Life.

Pol. Why, then my whole Plot is ſpoil'd--To ſee the Malignity of Fortune! Where is Mr. *Turnabout* and *Subtleman*?

Man. They are both in the Houſe.

Pol. That's well—Engage Mr *Turnabout* as far as you can in the danger, and leave him in it; Let *Mackdonnel* command the Servants, and make a vigorous defence, he is apprehenſive of few things, perhaps he will not be apprehenſive of danger. Prepare the Dark Vault for my reception, where, I think it is impoſſible for the many-headed Beaſt, with all its eyes, to find me.—Send the old Hermit to me; but let him know nothing of this diſappointment, it will leſſen my reputation extremely with the *Americans.*—If the Rabble break in, let them take Father *Cautious*'s Trunk for a Prey, and ſo I may ſave my own; which is good modern Policy.

Man. I ſhall punctually obſerve your Orders. [*Exit.*

Pol. I am not a little fearful of this danger; but *Sancto Hermoldo de Fulgoſo* muſt not perceive it.

Enter the Hermit.

Pol. Reverend Father, how fare you? Have you read over the Notes and Obſervations?

Sir Geo. Yes, I have read them.

Pol. And do they pleaſe you?

Sir Geo. I wonder your Reverence will condeſcend to ask that queſtion.——Am I a competent Judge of thoſe Divine Writings?

Pol. But is not the Contrivance wonderful?

Sir Geo. Beyond expreſſion or imitation. When I come to tell theſe things to the *Americans*, they will think I am a Lyar.

Pol. I will aſſure you, I have thought upon a Thouſand things more improbable.

Sir Geo. If your Reverence did not affirm it, I could never believe it.

Pol. Why look you, Sir, my conſtant method is to compaſs my ends by ſuch means as ſeem moſt contrary.

Sir Geo. So I perceive, with great admiration.

Pol. To that purpoſe, I have ſent one to excite the Rabble to Inſurrection and Sedition againſt us, on purpoſe to further our Cauſe.

Sir Geo. But how can that be?

Pol. Why thus: In the firſt place, the *Engliſh* Hereticks ſtand much in vindication of their own Innocence: but by this means we ſhall have plenty of Accuſations againſt them.

Sir Geo. Is that all?

Pol. No; by theſe means we ſhall render their Subjection more intolerable: for the oftner any Body of Men is ſubdu'd, ſo much heavier is the Yoke the Conquerour impoſes.—There's another.—

Sir Geo.

Sir *Geo.* Bleſs me, ſure there can be no more.

Pol. I perceive you want the Politicians Perſpective. For in the third place, we ſhall have the pleaſure to ſee the Hereticks make wry Faces under the Whipping-poſts and Gallows, which to me is as Comical a Sigth, as the Poſture-maſter, and all his Motions.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! wonderful! you muſt give me leave to write this down.

[*Pulls out a Book, and writes.*

Enter Young Subtleman.

Subt. Well, the buſineſs is done.

Pol. What buſineſs?

Subt. My Father is diſpatch'd.

Pol. Phy! never talk of that.

Subt. It is certainly true.

Pol. Where's the Eſtate?

Subt. Secure to my ſelf; the Will made to *Leucaſia* is loſt.

Pol. Then you will give it to the Church.

Subt. Why ſo?

Pol. Becauſe we have done it for you.

Subt. Have you done it then?

Pol. I will not anſwer directly, but you know what the Caſuiſts ſaid.

Subt. But I would know how, and where you did it.

Pol. Thoſe are Secrets, 'tis enough that 'tis done.

Subt. I dare ſay no more about it; that Old Gentleman will over-hear us.

Pol. He may without danger; he is our deareſt Friend and Confident, come from *America* to ſee me.

Subt. Then I may diſcourſe the buſineſs before him.

Pol. By all means; I would not for 1000 *l.* that he ſhould be ignorant of our Succeſs. [*To Sir* Geo.] Look you here, Father, is new matters of wonder. A young Gentlemen was troubled with an Old Peeviſh Heretical Father, that kept him from a good Eſtate, and would not ſuffer him to turn Catholick; but we have diſpatched him for his Pains, without more noiſe and trouble.

Sir *Geo.* Moſt excellently done.

Subt. I muſt confeſs my ſelf oblig'd to this Gentleman for that kindneſs. But, pray let me know by what means you did it?

Pol. Trouble not your head with that; is not the work done?

Subt. Yes, to my great Satisfaction; but ſtill I would know to whom I am moſt oblig'd.

Pol. Is any thing of moment done without me?—I muſt take the honour of it upon my ſelf, tho I know nothing of it. [*Aſide.*

Subt. I believe not, but ſtill it is done with that dexterity, that methinks I would fain learn it.

Pol. That is an height that every Capacity cannot reach.

Sir Geo. And do not you find your heart leap for Joy? Are not you a little tranſported now the work is done?

Subt. O! beyond meaſure! 'Tis the fineſt thing in the World to jump into an Eſtate, without expecting the tedious Courſe of Nature, that ſeldom gives us variety of Food, before ſhe has pall'd the Appetite.

Sir Geo. Well, I perceive now thou art a Villain. [*Aſide.*

Pol. But you muſt remember half that Eſtate is due to the Church.

Subt. It is all at your Service, if you will but tell me how it was done.

Pol. I muſt not diſcover that;—but if you will follow me in, I will ſhew you a Scheme how ſomething may be done that is like it.—Adieu. [*Exit.*

Subt. There is nothing I deſire more.

Sir Geo. Well, I am now ſatisfied, that my Son is a Rogue and Villain. [*aſide.*]—[*To his Son.*] Meet me in the great Hall, a quarter of an hour hence, and I will diſcover all.

Subt. Was you then an Actor in it.

Sir. Geo. Yes, a principal one.--Do not fail.

Subt. By no means.

[*Exit Sir* Geo. Subtleman.

Subt. Solus.—So, now my buſineſs is done: I will get a Warrant and Indict them all of Wilful Murther, ſpend the Eſtate merrily, and leave the Fathers in the lurch to be hang'd and damn'd for me. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes to a great Hall, where Mack. Turn. Man. Cautions, *are diſcover'd ſitting round a Table, on which are ſpread Guns, and Arms of all ſorts.* Turn.

Turn. Look ye Gentlemen, the buſineſs about which we meet, and are to conſult about, is this, whether we are able to reſiſt the Violence of the Rabble; or, whether it be beſt to come to an honourable Compoſition?

Cau. I am for Compoſition, if it can be done without Charges.

Mack. And I by my Shoul, I am for Fighting, if it can be done without danger.

Man. My Maſter commits his ſafety to your care. As you diſcharge that truſt, you may expect his favour.

Turn. If you think of Fighting, we muſt know our number of Arms, Men, and Proviſion.

Man. As for Proviſions, we have good ſtore of Ale, Beer, *French* Wine, Brandy, and Uſquebaugh.

Turn. All this is good; and what Servants?

Mack. We have nine *Iriſh* Foot-men; but thoſe, my dear Joy, are all run away.

Man. And three *French* Valets; but one has not comb'd his Wig; another has not waſh'd his Face; and a third is puzzled to ſet his Crevat-ſtring; ſo that they cannot be in a Poſture of Defence this hour.

Turn. And is that all?

Man. No, we have two *High-Dutch* Porters, but they have drunk ſo much to raiſe their Courage, that they have thrown their bulky Bodies, and lye wallowing in the Cellar. We had too an *Engliſh* Groom and Skullion, but they prove perfidious, and are gone over to the Enemy.

Cau. And where is my man *Jonathan?*

Man. At the head of the Rabble, exciting them to all manner of Indignities.

Cau. O! miſerable Wretch! I am undone then for ever.

Turn. Well, it is no matter for great numbers of Men, what Arms have you? The Rabble are like Jack-Daws, they make an hideous noiſe when they ſpy Carrion, but will fly at the ſmell of a little Gunpowder.

Mack. O! by my Shoul! Ish have the very beſt Guns in the World, but I have forgot to provide one thing.

Turn. Pray, what's that?

Mack. A very ſmall thing, 'tis not worth mentioning.

Turn. Pray, let's hear it.

Mack. By my Shoul, I have forgot to provide a little Gunpowder.

Turn. Nay, then we muſt yield. My Opinion, in ſhort, is, that the Place is not Tenable, we muſt Surrender upon Diſcretion.

Man. And leave my Maſter to have his Brains knock'd out.

Turn. Perhaps not. — Go you, and convey him to his dark Vault; then let every Man hide himſelf as conveniently as he can, and leave me, and Mrs. *Subtleman*, to manage their Fancy. The rage of the People is like the current of a River; let it paſs, and it glides away without damage; but ſtop it, and it overflows all. — What ſay you, Gentlemen, are you agreed?

Cau. I cannot agree, it is the way to loſe my Trunk.

Man. We muſt not all periſh for your Trunk.

Cau. Then I will get into one of my empty Cheſts, and dye, or periſh with them.

Mack. And iſh will creep into an Hogſhead, and dye, or periſh with it.

Turn. That will be the firſt thing they'll ſearch for.

Mack. Well, I will get under the Bed, and lie in Ambuſh.

Man. be quick in Execution: I'll go to my Maſter. [*Exit.*

Mack. Come, Brother *Cautious*, let us live. [*Exeunt two.*

Enter Subtleman.

Subt. Why, how now *Jack*, what doſt thou do alone in the midſt of this Confuſion?

Turn. Faith *Tom*, I am contriving a little Miſchief againſt Father *Politico*, and his Gang, and ſtand in need of thy aſſiſtance.

Subt. Thou ſhalt have it with all my heart.

Turn. It is no time for words, follow me to the Street-door, and you ſhall ſee it compleated.

Subt. Agreed, Love and Revenge move ſwiftly to their end.

Enter

Enter Manual *and* Politico.

Pol. Doſt thou ſuſpect, then, *Turnabout*'s Fidelity.

Man. Yes, becauſe he was ſo ready to Surrender.

Pol. Ay, but you ſuſpect him againſt the Rules of Policy. For *Turnabout* has dependencies upon me, Expectancies from me; and it is a general Rule, that ſcarce one Man is true to another, yet every Man is true to his own Intereſt. — Beſides, he hath lately diſoblig'd me, therefore will endeavour to regain my favour.

Man. But what does your Reverence think of Mr. *Subtleman?*

Pol. I think 'tis impoſſible that he ſhould deceive us, wherefore leave them to manage all. Let *Sancto Hermolto de Fulgoſo* be put into the ſecureſt place of all the Houſe; if he receive any hurt, 'twill leſſen my Reputation in *America*; let *Turnabout* and *Subtleman* keep the Key of the Vault, and none have admittance to me but them; ſecure all my Political Notes and Obſervations, tho the Vulgar may not perceive they are taken from Play-books; remove *Hobbs* and *Machiavel* out of my Study, they are ſo thumb'd, it will be a ſhame to ſee them; hide the Pictures of thoſe pretty Ladies Mrs. *Counterfeit* ſent me: The Rabble will miſtake them for Saints, and burn them: As for the Religious Pictures, it is good to leave them to divert the ſway of the Mobile from things of greater Value.

Man. I ſhall obſerve it.

Pol. *Turnabout* has lately diſoblig'd me, tho againſt his will; and if thou couldſt contrive it ſo, as to excite the Rabble to kick, beat, or toſs him in a Blanket, I ſhould applaud and reward the Action.

Man. If I durſt appear, I could quickly do it.

Turnabout *croſſes the Stage without Hat, Crevat, or Sword.*

Pol. Mr. *Turnabout*, your moſt Faithful, Humble, and Obedient Servant. — I ſee you are taking as much pains for my Preſervation, as I take for your Advancement.

Turn. I have no reaſon to doubt it.

Pol. But why in this diſguiſe?

Turn. He that will deal with the Rabble, muſt appear a little like them. — Good Sir, retire with all ſpeed. — I am juſt going to let them in, and can't ſtay to give you a particular Account. [*Exit in haſte.*

Pol. Well, thou art a very fool, and ſo farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Turnabout *and* John Simper, *heading the Rabble.*

Turn. You ſee Gentlemen, ye are admitted without Reſiſtance. — Pray, what is your buſineſs?

Jon. We came to ſearch for *Politico.*

Turn. I am ſorry he is fled; I got into the Houſe before you on purpoſe to ſurpriſe him, but he and all his Family are vaniſhed. — The Lord. —

1 *Fellow.* Nay, it is probable he did deal with the Devil.

Jon. We came likewiſe to ſearch for Proteſtant Bridles, Popiſh Knives and Trinkets. Bear back there, and let four only Enter. [*Thruſt 'em back.*

Turn. The Bridles are in the Stable, the Knives in the Kitchen, and the Trinkets are Relicks, and pack'd up in three or four great Trunks, and thruſt into a Vault in the Cellar.

Jon. Let two go and fetch them [*Exeunt two Porters to fetch them.*] — The Treaſure is in the two little Boxes, ſend them to *Wapping*, and bring up the other. — Pray Gentlemen, let us proceed with Moderation, no Filching, Stealing, Swearing, or Fighting; let us deſtroy nothing but Popiſh Trinkets.

1 *Fell.* Our Captain ſpeaks very diſcreetly, and we will obey him.

2 *Fell.* Honourable Captain, there is a Controverſy in the Cellar, whether Clarret or Whitewine are not Popiſh Goods, and ought to be deſtroy'd?

Jon. No queſtion of it. You know the *Hugonots* are all forbid it in *France.*

1 *Fell.* I am glad to hear it.

Jon. Clear the Houſe of all Maſs-books, and Pictures of Saints.

2 *Fell.* That's quickly done, we have burnt St. *Herculus* already.

Jon. Make diligent ſearch for *Politico*, or any of his Gang.

Enter two, dragging in Mackdonnel.

1 *Fell.* Dog, Rogue, creep under the Bed! thou art an *Iriſh* Papiſh, and we will kill thee.

Mack. By my Shoul, my dear Joy, I am no *Iriſh* man, iſh was born at *Cork*.

2 *Fell.* That *Cork* ſhant ſtop our Mouth.—Thou art an *Iriſh*-man, and we will knock thy Brains out.

3 *Fell.* If thou waſt born at *Cork*, thou muſt needs be light of Foot, and for the Jeſts ſake, I will throw thee out at th' Window.

[*Takes him in's Arms.*

1 *Fell.* Nay, if he was born at *Cork*, he muſt needs Swim; we will tye a Stone about's Neck, and throw him into the River, and that's a better Jeſt. [*Snatches him away.*

Mack. Nay, good my dear Joys, do not tie a Stone about my Neck.—I am very tender of my Head, and ſhall catch Cold immediately.

2 *Fell.* I tell thee, mine is the beſt Jeſt.

1 *Fell.* I ſay mine is.

[*They pull* Mackdonnel *about, and at laſt fall a Fighting.*

3 *Fell.* I ſay mine is.

Mack. Nay, when the Hereticks do Fight amongſt themſelves, the good Catholick always make their eſcape. [*Exit running.*

Jon. Pray Gentlemen leave Fighting, and mind your buſineſs. Look, here is an whole Trunk of Popiſh Trinkets.—[*Enter Porters, and ſet down the Trunk.*]—Break it open, it belongs to Father *Cautious* [*They break it open.*] ſo in the firſt place here is an old pair of Breeches:—See with what care they are preſerv'd, tho there be a thouſand Holes in them.—Theſe did belong to *Mathuſalem*.

1 *Fell.* If they did, they ſhall be burnt for Popiſh.

Jon. Then here are ſix Shirts.

2 *Fell.* They are not Shirts, but Surplices.—They muſt be burnt too.

1 *Fell.* But what's this wrap'd up in a Paper.

Jon. Hang me, if this covetous Dog, *Cautious*, is not tranſporting the Carcaſs of a Gooſe to *France*.

2 *Fell.* Pray, Noble Captain, what is it?

Turn. It is the Body of that famous *Conſtantinopolitan* Cock, that was raiſed from the dead.

1 *Fell.* Then it was a Popiſh Cock, and we will burn it.

Enter Turnabout.

Turn. Gentlemen, I deſire you to conſult your own ſafety; The Soldiers are marching down with Powder and Ball:—You have ſeen all in the Houſe you can.

Jon. What ſay ye, ſhall we march away?

Rabble, Away, away, away; burn 'em, burn 'em, away, away.—

Exeunt, carrying with them Father Cautious's *Trunk.*

Turn. So, 'tis well, they are gone,—— Mr. *Subtleman* come out.

Enter Subtleman.

Come, *Jack*, the Coaſt is clear; The Rabble are haſtning away with all expedition; and all *Politico*'s Servants lye ſecure in holes, from whence they dare not ſtir till I call 'em.

Subt. Then now is the time to work *Politico* to your end—Have you plac'd *Leucaſia*'s Footmen in a Room next to *Politico*'s.

Turn. Yes, I have given good ſtore of Claret to carrouſe; I taught them a Song that will frighten *Politico* out of the Vault.

Subt. Then let us make haſte and free *Leucaſia* from all apprehenſion of danger; She is melancholly in the little Parlour: Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs with Mrs. *Betty*.

Turn. As quick as thou wouldſt have it—My Love moves ſo faſt, I fancy it near the center. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene Draws, and diſcovers Politico *lying on a Couch, in a Dark Vault in a Melancholly Poſture.*

Pol. Well, this laſt Plot of raiſing the Rabble, is likely to prove dangerous, tho' it wants nothing but ſucceſs to render it a Maſterpiece for the beſt Politician in *Europe*.

[*A noiſe of Singing and Huzzaing behind the Scenes.*

But what noiſe is this! O my Conſcience the Rabble are got into the next Room, I ſhall be torn in pieces before ſuccours can come.

A Song behind the Scenes, ſuppos'd to be Sung by the Rabble.

COme Brother let's Drink, what ever you think,
Politico's *Noddle is empty:*
We'll knock out his Brains; in the Skull that remains
We'll drink Sack and Claret in plenty.

His Fleſh we will eat, it is excellent Meat,
His Blood ſhall ſerve us for Drinking;
His Bones we will pair, till they are ſo bare,
There ſhall be no danger of Stinking.

Pol. Bloody Rogues! Villians! they make me tremble, but I ſhall ſhortly have the pleaſure to ſee them all hang'd.

Enter Turnabout.

Turn. Sir.

Pol. Who's there?

Turn. 'Tis I.——

Pol. You are welcome, but ſpeak ſoftly; what News?

Turn. All's loſt.

Pol. It is not.— I have prudence enough left to recover all.

Turn. I mean all but your Reverence's Prudence.

Pol. But, prethee, what's the matter?— Speak ſoftly.

Turn. Captain *Tom* is fully reſolv'd.

Pol. To do what?

Turn. To ſhut up the Doors, and burn the Houſe down.

Pol. Does he know that I am in it?

Turn. As well as I do.

Pol. Who betray'd me?

Turn. 'Tis uncertain; he has the beſt Intelligence in *Europe*; nothing that is done can eſcape his knowledg.

Pol. I thought he had been an Ignorant Mechanical Fellow.

Turn. So the World thinks him; but 'tis certain, (excepting your ſelf) he is the greateſt Stateſman in *Europe*.

Pol. What then would you have me do?

Turn. Reſolve to periſh nobly in the Flames; your Fame will ſhine the brighter.

Pol. Burning is no fit Death for a Stateſman, they ſhould dye by Poyſon, or the Ax, or the Halter. Burning puts me in mind of a Smithfield Heretick.

Turn. There is no Ax to be got, but if your Reverence is in very urgent neceſſity, I have a ſmall quantity of Arſenick in one Pocket, and an Halter in the other.

Pol. But why ſo deſperate Mr. *Turnabout?* Can you bring him to no Conditions?

Turn. None but what are worſe than Death. You can never endure to hear them.

Pol. I perceive you don't underſtand the true Rules of Policy. Let the Conditions be never ſo bad, we will hearken to them, give Hopes Accommodation, and interpoſe Delays till Succour come, and he's taken napping.

Turn. Alas, Sir, that is too vulgar a Policy to impoſe upon a Man of his underſtanding. He will allow you a quarter of an hours time for Deliberation.

Pol. Then, pray, let me hear his Conditions.

Turn. Firſt, he will have an Inſtrument under your Hand and Seal, wherein you muſt Renounce and Diſclaim all pretences to the Name of a Politician, and acknowledg your ſelf to be a Pedant, an Aſs, and a Fool.

Pol. Renounce all Pretences to the Name of Politician, *&c.* A pretty homour this, I will ſooner dye than do it.

Turn. I will go and tell him ſo. [*Is going.*

Pol. No, ſtay, Self-preſervation is a Fundamental Law of Nature. I will ſubmit to it; but why ſhould he impoſe ſuch an unreaſonable Task upon me?

Turn. He is a Rival of your Fame, and envious of your Glory, which he would fain ſully, by rendring you Ridiculous in all the Courts in *Chriſtendom*.

Pol. I believe ſo,—— and therefore I will ſooner dye than loſe my Honour.—— Bid him fire the Houſe.

Turn. It ſhall be done in a moment. [*Is going.*

Pol. But ſtay, [*pauſes*] neceſſity has no Law; I muſt ſubmit, tho I had rather loſe ten of my Toes, and ſix of my Fingers. But what is his two Articles.

Turn. It is of near Kin to the other.—— You muſt ſolemnly Promiſe and Swear, never to intermeddle with Matters of State,

or Haunt the Courts of Princes, or belye the Favours of Great Men, but ſpend the remainder of your time in Study and Devotion.

Pol. It is an impoſſible Condition, I can never perform it.

Turn. Why ſo?

Pol. Becauſe it is as natural to me to intermeddle with Affairs of State, as 'tis to a Bird to fly, or a Fiſh to ſwim. And how ſhould I give up my ſelf to the Study of Books, or Devotion, who have been diſus'd from both theſe twenty years.

Turn. But I ſay it is not impoſſible.

Pol. But I ſay it is: —— Let him burn the Houſe.

Turn. I ſay it is not; for tho it be impoſſible to perform, yet it is not impoſſible to promiſe.

Pol. Ay, there you diſtinguiſh rightly. It is not impoſſible for me to promiſe it.

Turn. Then I ſhall tell him that you conſent to his Conditions of Peace.

Pol. Yes, do; let him inſult at preſent. I ſhall ſoon over-reach his Policy, and bring him to the Gallows, and then I will ſo diſappoint him of his Fame, that I will not ſo much as ſuffer a Ballad to be made in his Commendation.

Turn. That will vex him extreamly. —— I'll return preſently with a Copy of the Agreement.

Pol. I'll attend you, but make haſte.

Turn. Ne're fear it. [*Exit.*

Pol. This *Turnabout* is a very Gooſe. —— I hate him mortally, and yet he thinks me his greateſt Friend.

Enter Turnabout *with four of* Leucaſia's *Footmen.*

Turn. Here, you Rogues, lies *Politico*, fright him to ſome purpoſe, but offer no Violence to his Perſon. [*Aſide to the Footmen.*

1 *Foot.* Let us alone for that.

2 *Foot.* Zooks, *Jack*, I'll be hang'd if *Politico* is not hid in this dark Cellar. Let's fetch a Light.

3 *Foot.* Damn a Light, we will grope him out with our Hands.

Pol. Now Heavens defend me, *Turnabout* has left the Door open, and I ſhall fall into the Hands of the Rabble.

4 *Foot.* Groping is the beſt way, but haſt got a Knife ready?

2 *Foot.* For what?

4 *Foot.* To cut out the Dogs Tongue, and keep the tip in our Pockets.

2 *Foot.* I have a Ropes end, and a Bulls Pizzle.

3 *Foot.* They are too gentle Inſtruments. would I have him Broil'd on a Gridiron.

4 *Foot.* I ſay, Boil him in a Caldron.

1 *Foot.* I ſay, Roaſt him.

2 *Foot.* I ſay, 'Igad, lets eat him, if the Rogue does not Stink for fear; he will be good fat Meat.

Pol. Bloody Rogues! Villains! What would I give to be free from this danger?

3 *Foot.* The beſt way to catch him, is to ſpread our ſelves over the Room, —— and if ye hear him ſtir. ——

Pol. Oh! But we Politicians have a trick for that.

[*They grope up and down the Room.* Politico *pulls off his Shooes, and ſtill as they come near him, ſlips away.*

2 *Foot.* Haſt found him *Tom?*

3 *Foot.* No, but methinks I ſcent him.

4 *Foot.* And 'Igad, I have found his Shooes. [*Takes 'em up.*

1 *Foot.* Then he muſt be near.

Pol. O me Miſerum!

2 *Foot.* We had beſt fetch a Light. All, a Light! a Light! a Light! [*Exeunt.*

Pol. I am glad the Villains are gone; but if they return with a Light before *Turnabout* brings Articles of Peace, I am undone. —To ſave my Life, I will ſign any Condition, but keep none, becauſe they are extorted, *Mea Mortis.*

Enter Turnabout *with a dark Lanthorn, and Papers in his Hand.*

Turn. Sir, where are you?

Pol. Here, ſweet Mr. *Turnabout*; you did ill to leave the Door open, the Rabble had almoſt found me: I muſt now be contented to Seal a Blank.

Turn.

Turn. No, you ſhall not do it: The Inſolence of Captain *Tom* is intollerable, he will have you not only Sign, but make the ſame acknowledgment before him blindfold.

Pol. And why blindfold, prithee?

Turn. The ambitious Stateſman looks upon that as an acknowledgment, that you are ſo much his Inferior, that you are unworthy to look upon him.

Pol. I can never do it. You muſt bid him fire the Houſe; and yet Life is ſweet.—— Well, proceed.

Turn. And not only ſo, but he will have you renounce all Pretenſions to *Leucaſia*, and publickly profeſs, that you believe her to be Miſtriſs of neither Wit, Beauty, or Virtue.

Pol. And why ſo?

Turn. 'Tis Envy, Igad, meer Envy.

Pol. Right Mr. *Turnabout*, it is Envy. I have always obſerv'd, that the greateſt Stateſmen have been my greateſt Enemies. But how could he know any thing of *Leucaſia*.

Turn. Did not I tell you, that he knew all things?

Pol. So it ſeems by this.

Turn. Then in the laſt place, you muſt provide him and his Gang a ſplendid Supper, where your ſelf muſt wait upon him in Perſon, drink a Grace-cup of Reconcilement, and be Friends for ever.—Sure you will never ſubmit to this.

Pol. Not ſubmit to it, yes, with all mine heart, Ha, ha, ha, He a Politician, he an Aſs. This one falſe ſtep ſhall be his Ruin.—— I faith, Captain *Tom*, I am glad I have catch'd thee in a Trap.

Turn. But how?

Pol. Why, look you Mr. *Turnabout*, this young Man in his laſt Demands, is guilty of two notorious Errors. For *1ſt.* He permits his mortal Enemy to fill him Wine at Supper, not conſidering how eaſy a matter 'twere for me to mingle him a glaſs of Arſenick.

Turn. Ay, there I proteſt you catch him.

Pol. Then by ſtaying Supper, he gives me opportunity to ſend for Guards to ſurpriſe him and his Mermidons; ſee him fairly hang'd, and my ſelf triumphantly ſurvive him; ha, ha. Come, let us make all imaginable haſte to prevent the return of the Rabble.—— You ſhall introduce me.

Turn. I attend your Motion. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to a great Hall; Chairs ſet, Leucaſia's *Servants attending.*

Enter Subtleman, *leading in* Leucaſia.

Subt. Pleaſe you Madam, to take your Seat, and we will preſent you with the moſt Comical Sight in the World: Mr. *Turnabout* will preſently be here, and lay the mighty *Politico* at your Feet, humbly acknowledging himſelf to be a Pedant, an Aſs, and a Fool.

Leu. 'Tis ſo well known, there's no need of his Teſtimony to confirm it; but methinks we ſhould have more Spectators.

Subt. You will ſee enough preſently; I have ſent to *Sancho Hermolto de Fulgoſo*, *Bigot*, *Cautious*, and the whole Gang; we ſhall burſt with Laughter. My Lord *Brittain* will be here too.

Leu. That Lord is truly Noble, his Native Generoſity too great to be viciated by any Speculative Opinion. I would not have him affronted.

Subt. He will not think himſelf affronted, to ſee a few turbulent Prieſts made Ridiculous. I rather think 'twill give him great Diverſion.

Leu. I could be much Merrier, if I were ſatisfied concerning Sir *George*'s Abſence; and I can aſſure you a great Blemiſh does from thence reflect on you.

Subt. Faith, Madam, I muſt wipe of that as well as I can; but I am reſolved to be Merry this happy minute, whatever happens the next.——Pray, Madam, take your Seat.

Leucaſia *places her ſelf in the great Chair.*

Enter Sir George, Subtleman.

Sir *Geo.* Save you Mr. *Subtleman*, this is an odd Change, to be ſent for out of Danger, to ſee a Play.—— I am not us'd to ſuch Diverſion in *America*.

Subt. You will ſee nothing here, but an innocent Repreſentation of ſome Follies of

Human Nature, to diſpel thoſe Melancholly Fumes that are the ſmall Relicks of ſtupifying Dangers.

Sir *Geo.* Nay, you do well to rejoyce. You have loſt a Father.

Subt. I thank the Fates for it, he departed in a very ſeaſonable time.

[*Aſide to Sir* Geo.] But are theſe Circumſtances true, that you told me in the Parlour.

Sir *Geo.* All very true.

Subt. And you, and *Politico*, Father *Cautious*, and *Bigot*, concerned in it.

Sir *Geo.* All equally concern'd; ſure you'll reward us.

Subt. Moſt bountifully.

Sir *Geo.* [*Aſide.*] Well, then I do perceive thou art a very Villain.

[*Sir* George *takes his Seat.*

Enter Lord Brittain.

Subt. My Lord, your very humble Servant, we have prepared a ſmall Interlude, we hope will not be altogether diſpleaſing to your Lordſhip, tho it reflects a little on the Prieſts of your Religion.

Lord *Brit.* Never the more for that; I love their Regular, but hate their Excentrick motions; nothing to me is more ridiculouſly Odious.

Subt. Then, pray, take your Seat there.

[*Takes his Seat.*

Enter Cautious *and* Mackdonnel.

Mack. And how my dear Joy, didſt thou come back from *Wapping*? Or didſt thou ſtay there lock'd up in thy Cheſt till this time?

Cau. You ſee I am returned, but with an heavy Heart, and a light Purſe. The Rabble carried me thither in one of my own Cheſts, and I lay very ſtill. I underſtood that I was to be clap'd on Board for *Sweedland*. Then fearing the loſs of my natural Treaſure, I crept away ſlily, and am glad to ſee the Storm is blown over.

Mack. Yeſh, by my Shoul, dear Joy, we ſhall have a rare ſhow, and laugh at the Heretical Dogs, till we do make them cry their Eyes out.

Subt. Mr. *Cautious*, why ſo Penſive?

Caut. Alas, Sir, I have cauſe enough, my Money is all loſt. I ſaw it ſet ſail for *Sweedland* with a fair Wind, and ſent two or three Sighs after it, which blew it farther from me.

Subt. It is well you are not covetous, if you were, you would hang your ſelf.

Caut. No, I am not Covetous. But I think your Note did make ſome mention of Money. [*Aſide to* Cautious.

Subt. If you had any hand in the Death of the Old Man, I deſign 500 *l.* for your Reward.

Caut. That is ſome comfort, I could find in my heart to own it. [*Aſide.*

Subt. Well, what ſay you?

Caut. I ſay you are greatly beholden to me for it. How, want of Money will make a Man lye! [*Aſide.*

Subt. Then take your Seat. As ſoon as our Play is done, we'll diſcourſe further about it.

[*Places himſelf.* (*Soft Muſick.*

Enter Turnabout *leading* Politico *blinded with an Handkerchief.*

Turn. There ſits the Captain, kneel down as ſoon as I give the Sign, and repeat your Leſſon, *Totidem Verbis.*

Pol. I warrant you; but what Company is here?

Turn. None but a confus'd Rabble.

Pol. Lead on,—I don't value them.

Herm. Bleſs me, what is the meaning of that?

Caut. I am ſtruck with Admiration!

Lord *Brit.* Be ſilent, and attend the iſſue.

[Turnabout *leads* Politico *juſt over againſt* Leucaſia's *Chair, and then ſpeaks ſoftly to him.*

Turn. Now you are in the right Place, make your Honour.

[Politico *makes three very low Bows, and then Kneels down.*

Pol. Softly to Mr. *Turnabout.*] Methinks tho, Captain *Tom* might allow me a Cuſhion.

Turn. Ne're ſtand upon that, ſpeak out.

Pol. Moſt high and mighty, thrice Illuſtrious Hero.

Leu.

Leu. Thrice Illuſtrious is not Title ſufficient. I will be ſtil'd ſix times Illuſtrious Hero.

Mack. By my Shoul, my dear Joy, thou art out: Thou muſt ſay half a dozen times Illuſtrious Hero.

Pol. Moſt High and Mighty, Six times Illuſtrious Hero.

Leu. That's well.

Pol. I do here in the preſence of all this Company. ————

Leu. Company is too mean a word—— I will have egregious Society.

Pol. I do here in the preſence of this Egregious Society.

Cau. to Sir *Geo.* Do you know the meaning of this?

Sir *Geo.* Not I: Be ſilent.

Leu. Proceed.

Pol. Profeſs, own, and declare.

Leu. That is not compleat enough; I will have it profeſs, confeſs, acknowledg, own, declare, denounce, manifeſt, make known and publick.

Pol. Softly to *Turn.* Bleſs me! this Capt. *Tom.* is very hard to pleaſe— Pray intercede for me to his Highneſs, that there may be ſome abatement.

Turn. 'Tis impoſſible; you muſt perform all.

Pol. I do profeſs, confeſs, acknowledg, own, declare, denounce, manifeſt, make known and publick.

Leu. That's tolerably well done.

Pol. To all Chriſtian people, as well Catholicks as others.

Leu. What's that? Speak out.

Mack. He doſh ſhay, my dear Joy——To all Chriſtian people, aſh well Infidels aſh others.

Leu. I will paſs that by; Let him proceed.

Pol. That I *Politico* am no Stateſman, no Wiſe man, no Scholar; but a Pedant, an Aſs, and a Fool.

Leu. That's very right,—— I hope, at length you will learn to ſpeak plain truth.

Pol. Aſide to *Turn.* This Captain *Tom* has a ſhrill Voice, I fancy he is but an effeminate Fellow.

Turn. Tuſh——Proceed, or you will raiſe his fury.

Pol. I do alſo Promiſe, Vow, and Swear, That I will not for the future meddle with Affairs of State, or haunt the Courts of Princes, or belye the Favours of Great men; but beſtow the remainder of my time in ſtudy of Books and Learning.

Leu. That's well, ſpeak it out.

Pol. (*Repeats the ſame words aloud.*)

Cau. to L. *Brit.* Is this *Politico* himſelf! or one that repreſents him?

L. *Brit.* I know not, nor do I care; I like things well enough.

Pol. And laſtly, whereas I did pretend admiration of the Lady *Leucaſia*, I do now Vow, and Declare, that I did but diſſemble, and did never think her Handſome, Witty, Wiſe, or Virtuous.

Turn. Ha, ha, The buſineſs is done. Sir, your Servant.

[Turnabout *pulls off the Handkerchief, The Prieſts grin, and the reſt laugh.*

Pol. Bleſs me! What is the meaning of this! Here is no Rabble, no Captain *Tom*, but all Friends, except that pretty Enemy *Leucaſia.* [*Aſide.*

Turn. The meaning is, Sir, that you are gull'd, groſly and palpably gull'd;——The Rabble has been gone theſe two hours,—— Nothing but your own Fears and Follies has betray'd you into this acknowledgment, by the aſſiſtance of your Humble Servant *Turnabout.*

Leu. I Vow, Sir, you did ill not to ſtand upon your Guard better; but ſuffer your ſelf to be thus ſurprized by the ſtratagem of a ſilly Woman, and one of your own Pupils.

Pol. To *Turn.* Rogue——Villain——Dog, haſt thou deceived me?

Turn. 'Tis in vain to fret your ſelf, you taught me to Deceive; your ſelf encourag'd me to Deceive; And how can you be angry that at laſt I have deceived you?

Pol. I will be reveng'd for this indignity. *To my L.* Brittain.

My Lord, will you ſuffer one of my Character to be thus abus'd.

L. *Brit.* Sir, I am ready to defend you with my Life, as long as you act in that

Sphere

Sphere which is proper to your ſtation; but when you exceed the bounds of that, and fall into Calamities and Abſurdities, I muſt leave you.

Leu. Alas, my Lord, He can be left in no calamity the ſpace of half an hour; —— Let him but take a turn or two about the Room, and he will have Plots enough to confound us all.

Pol. Art thou mad, *Turnabout*, to raiſe up againſt thy ſelf ſo powerful an Enemy?

Turn. Not in the leaſt: You are made ridiculous, and your being ridiculous does make you impotent: Nor have you any reaſon to accuſe me of falſhood, ſince I only put in practice the Arts which you taught me.

Pol. Confuſion ſeize thee——I will be revenged. [*Exit.*

Subt. Let him go, he will ſoon be brought again.

Enter Bigot, Speedwell, Counterfeit, *and four or five tawdry Whores.*

Big. The laſt enterprize of ſtirring up the Rabble, did unfortunately miſcarry in my hands: I rais'd 'em with ſucceſs, but could no more Govern the Rogues, than Command a Whirlwind; Inſtead of hurting *Leucaſia*, they have done infinite damage to our ſelves--But I ſhall recover my credit, by preſenting this goodly Company with ſome new Converts of my own making.

Subt. Mr. *Bigot*, you come too late. But what do you do with all theſe Women?

Big. Theſe are Virtuous Ladies, whom I have converted by my own induſtry and eloquence, from their long-imbib'd Errors.

Leu. I perceive a new Scence of mirth is opening.

Big. Mrs. *Speedwell*, pray ſpeak for your ſelf; or if you are aſham'd, let me ſpeak for you. [*To the Company*, This Lady, not full two hours ſince, was an inveterate Phanatick, infected with the loathſome Scabs of a Vicious Error.

Leu. What a Spiritual Mountebank this is!

Big. But I, by Application of thoſe Remedies that are proper to Diſeaſes of this Nature, have reduc'd her to perfect Internal Sanity. Mrs. *Speedwell*, pray ſpeak for your ſelf.

Speed. Mr. *Subtleman* will know me, and then I am diſgrac'd for ever.

Big. Be not aſham'd of Truth, it needs no Vizor. [*Pulls of her Mask, and ſhews her to Mr.* Subtleman.

Subt. O! Mrs. *Speedwell*, Your very humble Servant——This is a caſt Miſtreſs of mine, ſo damn'd unreaſonable and perfidious, that like the Wars of our *French* Monarch, She was never to be ſatisfied with Men or Mony.--If this be your new virtuous Convert, I wiſh you much joy of her.

Big. Do you jeer me?

Subt. If I do, it is your fault; you are ſo horridly gull'd in this, that to laugh at you is no matter of choice, but of neceſſity.

Big. I ſay, again, Mrs. *Speedwell*, ſpeak for your ſelf, Is this true?

Speed. Why, to ſpeak the truth, a Woman muſt get her livelyhood ſome way or other: I liv'd honeſtly on my Trade, and paid every one till ſtirs and combuſtion came, and my Trade decay'd, and Mr. *Subtleman* caſt me off; and then I was ſent to turn Religious whether I would or no: And, pray, who can blame me for that?

Leu. A very ingenuous Confeſſion.

Big. Well, tho' I am miſtaken in this one, yet Envy it ſelf can object, I preſume, nothing againſt the other —— Pray let them declare their moſt ſtupendious Converſion.

Turn. You need not, I know them all—They are a parcel of Jilting Queans, pick'd up from Suburb Bawdy-houſes; the leavings of Porters and Footmen—— Pray Mr. *Bigot* remove them, they are very offenſive.

Big. If I thought ſo, I would turn them off, they will be a ſcandal.

1 *Whore*, Ay, but you promis'd me a new Gown.

2 —— And me a Place at Court

3 —— And me a Penſion.

4 —— And me to be Lady Abbeſs.

1 —— You told us you would bring us to Court.

2 —— And ſaid we ſhould have Dogs, and Monkeys, and live like Ladies.

3 —— And that we ſhould take place of all the Hereticks.

4 —— And that we ſhould ride in Coaches and Chairs —— And now do you think to put us off ſo?

Big. But Mr. *Turnabout* ſays you are Whores — And I will have nothing to do with Whores.

1. —— Then I'll ſeize your Crevat for default of payment.

2 —— And I your Perruke.

3 —— And I your Hat.

4 —— And I'll have a Pennyworth out of your Eyes — D'ye think an honeſt Woman can go to Church for nothing?

[*They all fall upon him, and tear him about.*

Big. Murther, murther, Help me, or I ſhall be deſtroy'd.

L. *Brit.* I am ſick of theſe follies, and will retire. [*Exit.*

Cau. and Her. Hold, Hold, ——

[*They interpoſe, and take 'em off him.*

Leu. I proteſt, Mr. *Bigot*, I can but pity you; you had like to have incurr'd *Acteon*'s fate, and been devour'd by your own Hounds.

Enter Conſtable and Watch, bringing in Politico.

Conſt. Here Mr. *Subtleman*, This I ſuppoſe is the Man.

Subt. The very ſame; and I charge you to ſeize this, and this, and this ——

[*Pointing to* Cautious, Bigot, *and* Hermolto.

Cau. What is this part of your Play!

[*They ſeize them.*

Subt. No, Faith I am in earneſt; you muſt all four go before the Juſtice, where I muſt accuſe you of the wilful murther of my Honoured Father, Sir *George Subtleman.*

[*Counterfeit and the Whores run away.*

Pol. How dare you attempt one of my Figure?

Subt. I ſhall leave that to the Law, the Judge, and the Hangman — Alas! Sir, I am but a poor Inſtrument in the Proſecution.

Her. And wilt thou bring theſe Gray Hairs, and this Reverend Beard to the Gallows?

Subt. Faith, Reverend Father, I muſt confeſs there is ſome difficulty in Hanging a Man with ſo long a Beard; but if it be troubleſome to you, you may tye it up under a Cap, or tuck it under your Girdle; —— or uſe any other method moſt agreeable to your diſcretion.

Pol. Nay, if you be in earneſt — I proteſt I had no hand in it.

Subt. I can depoſe on Oath, you confeſs'd to me that you had.

Pol. It was cleverly done, and I thought it was for my Reputation.

Cau. I am Innocent as the Child unborn.

Subt. But you confeſs'd the Fact to me.

Cau. That was to recover the loſs of my Trunk.

Big. I never did it; but I wiſh I had.

Subt. We have witneſs againſt you, and you ſhall be hang'd for wiſhing. Conſtable do your Office. [*Conſtable, &c. offer to drag them away.*

Her. Nay, now I am in a fine caſe; if I ſhould come to be hang'd for killing my my ſelf, it were a pretty Jeſt, if it were not too much in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Subt. I ſay, Conſtable do your Office.

Herm. Nay, then 'tis time to diſcover my ſelf —— [*Sir* George *throws off his Diſguiſe, and diſcovers himſelf.*

All. O! Sir *George*, Sir *George*, you are welcome from the Dead.

Sir *Geo.* Yes faith, Gentlemen, I am honeſt old hearty Sir *George Subtleman*, that took this Diſguiſe, and ſpread abroad the report of my Death, to ſee how far my Son was debauch'd with the Principles of their damn'd Caſuiſtical Divinity; and ſince I find him pretty honeſt, as the times go, I will give him all.

Subt. O, my deareſt Father, How am I ſurpris'd to ſee you! [*They embrace.*

Leu. I am tranſported with joy! The turn is ſo wonderful, and it had not ſpoil'd the Hanging of theſe Sacerdotal Vermin, nothing could have hapned more delightful.

Pol. How damnably am I deceiv'd! I told the whole Court he came from *America*.

Turn. We are all diſpos'd for mirth but theſe Gownmen, who have moſt reaſon, as having eſcap'd the greateſt danger.

Cau.

Gen. Since I have loſt my Trunk, Hanging could be no great affliction.

Pol. When I have loſt my Reputation, what does my Life ſignifie?

Big. I ſee the Catholick Cauſe is dying, I wiſh that I could dye with it.

Turn. to Leu. Madam, I have now perform'd my Promiſe, and expect you to give me my Reward, without fraud or Jeſuitical equivocation.

Leu. Here, take my Hand, and Aſſurance with it, That from this time I ſhall be always yours; I did always Love you, tho' ſome Courſes you took did highly diſoblige me, from which I was reſolv'd to reclaim you. But your laſt good ſervice has cancell'd all former miſcarriages; and ſince you have given me this half hour of pleaſure, I ſhall dedicate the remainder of my Life and Fortune to make you happy.

Turn. And faith, Madam, ſince you are ſo bountiful, I ſhall leave all this crew of whimſical Pedants, and the damn'd Vices of this Town, and ſtudy only how to make my ſelf happy by pleaſing you.

Sir *George.* I, faith Neece, this is to the purpoſe, I will be merry at your Wedding, and Dance, and Jump, and Sing, and Hollow; and for Mr. *Turnabout*'s encouragement, will ſettle 200 *l. per Annum* on the firſt Child, and allow my Son ſo competent a maintenance, that he ſhall not need to depend on that Gang any longer.

Subt. Then all have reaſon to rejoyce; none but the Fathers are dejected.

Turn. I know they are concern'd for their loſs of Reputation; *Politico* ſhall give us a Supper, as he promis'd, and Captain *Tom* and we will conceal all thoſe diſappointments.

Pol. Agreed, for Peace ſake I will do it; but you muſt be ſure to be very ſecret, and I will never meddle with buſineſs of this nature more.

Turn. Then all is happily ended: For——

When Prieſts forſake the buſineſs of the State,
And on the Duties of their Office wait,
Expect the Iſſue of a proſperous fate.

But when they ſteer the Helm, they hurry on
A diſmal Night of black confuſion.
Nature a wound in every part muſt feel,
And her whole ſyſteme with diſorder reel.

Plaudite.

FINIS COMMEDIÆ.

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